LOVE? WAR?

1. Cover
2. Title Page
3. *Love was War*
4. Greetings!! The start of well....
5. Spies of the Heart
6. Phones and Mischiefs
7. Pitter-patter and Deliciousness!!
8. Mr Heartless!! I am in Love!!
9. The Pupils Widen
10. Hot topics and Cool Yoghurt!
11. Is this edible?
12. Was this a win?
13. CRACKS
14. Personality
15. Confrontation
16. Let the Game Begin!
17. Mine! and LandMines...
18. BOYS' NIGHT OUT!
19. Every corner is dark
20. Aftermath
21. Crack the Shell
22. Door to Hayasaka
23. Entropy
24. A smile behind the cynical
25. Cruel Reasoning
26. BTS

LOVE? WAR?

LOVE? WAR?

by MrS (MrS_S_AA)

Narrator here, Shinomiya and Shirogane are getting their game onn!! But on the other side This brown hair man arrives at the scene with his head held high and a heart to conquer.That maiden is none other than Ai Hayasaka!! Will this Brown haired boy win her heart or will he perish under her bored glare??? In this game of LOVE.. IT WAS WAR BUT NOW IT'S A GAME!!! I am going to get my popcorns and so will you. Because will be one crazy ride!! All characters belong to Shōgo Kinugasa and Aka Akasaka Some crossover characters belong to their respective series: 1. Food wars-Yūto Tsukuda Illustrations: COTE-Shunsaku Tomose Love is War-Aka Akasaka Edit- MrS_S_AA

Reads: 102887 | Votes: 5083 | Comments: 2579

First Published: 2022-04-24T15:52:44Z

Last Updated: 2024-09-03T05:23:41Z

Love was War 

Reads: 12833 | Votes: 332 | Comments: 339

Narrator's POV

Love is no game, it's war! After saying that for the millionth time, I QUITT!!

Finally, I can get a break from this battle of idiots with huge egos.

Right?

1 day later

Anddd, I was sooo very wrong!! WOWWZAAA!! Now I have to narrate two different storylines....

I need a raise or I am going to Labour court...

I have no clue who this dude is going to be but damm he looks super boring.

Anyways, turning over eyes to that boy with brown hair and a boring face who was staring at everyone with disinterest in his golden eyes....is he the MC?

"I am...umm....Kiyotaka Ayanokouji...and I am...not good at anything in particular...umm....Thank you."

Wow, and I thought I sucked at introductions! Well, there you have it.

Kiyotaka Ayanokouji

Age: 16

Dating Experience....well....after his momentous introduction...

Cough

Without further adieu...

Hey Hey.....don't take my job away...

Ayanokouji's POV

I blew it...nothing changed even after studying at ANHS for over a year.

After ANHS closed down due to Principal Sakayanagi's undisclosed reasoning...which is probably affiliated with that man. I have now transferred to this school and am protected by none other than Koenji Conglomerate under that deal of working for his company for a year. Sitting down in the corner seat I gazed outside to see the green fields with the football team playing around.

I wonder if this...will be any different.

Narrator's POV

It seems I will have rivals....**curse you first-person narrative!**

While he was floating around in his monotone mind, the world was anything but monotone.

Crap, people already labelled him more than 20 different adjectives as if this wasn't a class but a dictionary of synonyms for gloomy. His social life is quite f*cked for a virgin like him.

But my man seems ignorant or maybe too busy to care??

With a very big butt....

Get your minds of the gutter

There was one person whose eyes were on him with not ones of heart...but of scary cold azure blue depths.

Hayasaka was gazing at Mister Gloomytaka over here with her thoughts boiling over like that pressure cooker I left ON this morning...

Wait I did WHAT?

Hayasaka's POV

Gossiping with the girls in my corner I was mulling over the fact of who this boy was? I have absolutely no information from the school about his existence before now. How is this even possible??

Lady Kaguya will surely question this as well. After all...who suddenly pops up in the middle of a school year...

I need his information like everyone else.

"Hayasaka-san, Whatcha looking at?Is it that gloomy dude over there?"

"Oh, I tots was thinking how boring that dude over there was.I pity his boring life.He reminds me of a robot "

We guffawed at the joke I just made.

He was like the real me...quiet, silent and boring....**sorry me**.

Narrator's POV

False alarm!! My cooker was not left on....

And...

Finally, after her boringgg monologue ended the class ended too.

It seems like I will have to the time skip like with Shinomiya and Shirogane, as what can such a normie ever do that is interestin...

"Kiyotaka Ayanokouji please report to the Student Council Room"

AHHHHH! this is whyyy I need to know who the MC is! Well, Ayanokouji walks to the Student council room to find Shirogane sitting at the desk with Kaguya serving him.....**Green Tea**.

Sips

Things are about to get spicy!!

"President, may I enter?"

This third wheel or Ayanokouji, broke the staring contest both of these love birds were having as the president ushered him in

"Please do Ayanokouji!"

"Thank you, President, may I know the purpose of calling me to the Council"

"Ahh yes...would you mind if the other Council Members are here while I discuss the matter?"

Ayanokouji went pin-drop silent as he peered over to the others and looked at them for a while before sighing

"It's alright, please continue"

"Thank you Ayanokouji, so....can you explain this?"

He showed a piece of paper having his entrance grades....

50s?? All of them??

What voodoo magic is this?

Shinomiya peered over at the paper he had and glared straight at Ayanokouji launching a **Bazuka of questions**

"How is this possible?

Was this a coincidence?

Why the 50s?

What are you trying to pull off?

Who are you?

Were you mocking the paper?....."

Damm, Shinomiya got no chill as Shirogane valiantly tried to be a shield as he got blown away.

"I think we should allow him to speak"

"But president, this is a matter of school prestige. If news of this leaks out, then even people like Fujiwara-san will think he **cheated** or was **mocking the school**. In both cases he will be in danger of

social Darwinism and so will our school's reputation."

RIP prez!

"So now....please elucidate regarding this frightful coincidence"

"***Coincidences are freaky***"

He spoke in the blandest tone humanely possible

....How...is this dude sunbathing under Kaguya's heat of questions.

HE IS TOO COOL!!!

"I see, while I can't disprove your statement. I will order you to join the student council as of this instant or your school life might be over even before it starts." She laid down her real motive with a

smug smile on her pale skin.

She had heard of him at the moment he entered the school from her trusty informants on the school campus. She has been curious about his information and *upon finding none*, she sees him as a threat. And now using these test scores as **bait**, she will ***lure him into the council.***

Because as they say...

'Keep your friends close and enemies closer'

Kaguya delivers her first Check!!

"What if I say no?"

His total ignorance stuns Shinomiya as her check is turned into a useless move

The sparks of anger simmers through her eyes and attacked Ayanokouji's unbothered attitude.

"I-I think we should slow down here..." Shirogane tried to calm things down as he is quaking in his boots under the pressure that Shinomiya exudes

A futile attempt by Shirogane!! Why does he even want to stop such an intense moment?

Seeing her anger rise at someone as average as Ayanokouji say no to her, he decided to be a mature person and say, "I was joking, I would be honoured to be a part of this esteemed council."

Shirogane's jaw dropped, "How can you joke with a face like that?? and while I did plan on asking you to join the council under the same interest...Shinomiya, you were quite rude to him."

Shinomiya immediately bowed down to the prez, "I am sorry prez....and you.....be on time."

Result of today's battle: Kaguya wins.....or does she?...of course she does, it's not like he is a sociopathic and psychopathic dude who manipulated the entire situation to get into the council.

Ayanokouji's POV

The same tactic which got me inadvertently caught in the hands of Sae sensei and Manabu has now worked to my advantage.

It seems my first step towards connecting with Hayasaka has been achieved. She will have to be my bride after all and the ***Empress of Japan.***

'I will allow you to continue schooling if you are able to find yourself a bride to rule over Japan along with you. Remember, she has to be a worthy one...or I will remove you, as I did with ANHS, and you will be returned to the white room

This text was the last thing sent to me from an unknown number.

Greetings!! The start of well....



Reads: 7609 | Votes: 310 | Comments: 97

Narrator's POV

The scene is quiet as Ayanokouji acts completely ignorant of the class's expectations of him being blown out of the world!!!

Not only did he give a terrible introduction but he managed to piss off Shinomiya who was like totally ignoring Ayanokouji, the entire time they are in class and got into the Student council on the very first day!!

Such a quiet and calm boy wields chaos as his right hand

He truly is a **walking breathing contradiction.**

The whole school came to know about this little scrimmage and his selection by none other than, the ditzy pink-haired girl of the Student Council, Fujiwara.

Due to the terrible luck that Ayanokouji seems to have, Fujiwara was peeking into the council room the entire time after she had arrived from her games club.

Watching the intense match, her stomach couldn't handle such a bountiful of gossip and spilt it before the Council had a chance to

disclose it officially.

Oh, poor poor Ayano-..**hey hey...**

Ayanokouji's POV

It seems the word of me being elected has been spread throughout the school. I had noticed Fujiwara the moment she had opened the door.

Hence I accepted the offer right when she arrived, piquing her interest and making her watch the entire back and forth that took place from the creak in the doors.

All that information I had to collect before selecting this school was quite a tedious task. I had all the records I needed from Koenji's hands and had my documents completely removed from any medium.

I turned to see a person tapping my desk I looked up to find it to be none other than Ai Hayasaka and her allies.

She was in close tie-up with Shinomiya and was her defacto head servant. Upon discussion with Koenji regarding this he had informed me

'Don't go after Shinomiya-girl, considering the financial connections we have with their company, it will cause an issue. Hoho, rumours suggest she has her eyes set on ***Miyuki Shirogane.****'*

'I see, it would be difficult that way.'

Now you have a few other options Ayanokouji-boy. But considering this school is the safest bet for you as not just our company but also Shinomiya's company is going to indirectly protect you...it is ***Ai Hayasaka, who is a suitable candidate****'*

'Why so?'

*'****That's for you to figure out.*** *Enjoy, Ayanokouji-boy This return gift of getting the perfect bride, the perfect human has bestowed upon you'*

Hayasaka indeed was below average as of yet but considering I had enough evidence to destroy Koenji's company in an instant, I think it is something definitely to look into. While I could have forced information out of him, I would rather not meddle with a person of such high narcissistic characteristics.

While I don't have much information on her other than her prowess as a capable worker and a good faker, I plan on changing that and confirming if she really is suitable for me.

Otherwise, I will simply have to **change targets.**

"Hey, What'cha staring at?"

Her body language was absolutely vivid and lively oozing an aura

of friendliness and warmth.

"At the football field, do you need something from me?"

"Nothing much don't worry. We were just curious about the rumours that were spreading around...are ya really a part of the Student Council?"

Hayasaka's POV

What this brown-haired boy said next pulled the rug under me as he boldly proclaimed

"Yes."

Both **Lady Kaguya and he** simultaneously voiced the answer.

The whole class was too stunned to believe what he was saying as even if the rumours were spread...they were just rumours.

But now it was a fact. This person, in front of me, is no run on the mill dude but rather something else entirely.

Could he be someone like Ishigami with less of a depressed but much more boring face?

"OOOHHH!! Hear that girls? We have someone other than Shinomiya who is on the student council. JUST WOW!"

I slapped his shoulder in order to cast the total friendship spell and pointed at Shinomiya who was unperturbed by the gazes pointed at her as I yet again asked the million-dollar question.

Shinomiya's POV

"Shinomiyaaaa, why was he elected into the Student council.....Commmeee on, share it with the rest of us and also tell us why are you mad at him. Pretty please?"

Hayasakaaa, you traitor!! I already had to apologise to the President and the rudeness I showed due to my curiosity about the unknown going out of control after he ruined my and the president's eye contact. Right now I need to think about how to circumvent the situation.

"It's quite obvious isn't it. We had a misunderstanding and we have now come to an understanding. I had no intention of avoiding him, please don't assume such things based on rumours Hayasaka. He was admitted to the council based on criteria that are classified, I hope everyone understands."

"Ohh Okie!"

Hayasaka finally stopped bothering us. Honestly, such a mess.....now I need to see the president's cold face to calm down.

Narrator's POV

At least tell me when my narration is not wanted.....how many times will my feelings get hurt!!

While everyone was confused as to why Shinomiya had her cheeks red as a *rotten tomato as* she turned away from prying eyes. Ayanokouji was simply sitting there...watching....staring...

IS HE A CREEP??

Hayasaka went back to her seat after the stun dart shot at her by our beloved archer Shinomiya with her befitting reply.

She waved slightly at Ayanokouji to give her goodbye but my man was so awkward that all he could do was put his hand up and slip it back down.

Poor Ayanokouji! I am rooting for you buddy!!

More like I have to...

Results of today's battle: Shinomiya wins and Hayasaka loses...while Ayanokouji...is trying!!

While the rest of the classes went by Ayanokouji didn't lift a finger and simply gazed out of the window as if that's where he will find the wonders of the world like Icecream. What's so weird is that Ayanokouji didn't write anything and if he is like this, then how was he able to rig his scores?

It seems Shinomiya has something similar going on her mind.

Shinomiya's POV

Considering his lacklustre appeal it will be hard to give him a proper position in the council. Should we assign him as a second treasurer as he is so good at exams to be able to rig his scores...and why 50s??

Isn't it super obvious? As if he was trying to bring the attention of the council **purposefully**??

If so, have I fallen into his trap? Is there a way to retract my statement?

NO!!

That's out of the question!! Thanks to Fujiwara it has been made public and returning the statement now will harm both the Council and his reputation.

While I suspect him, he is not guilty. I can't cause much harm to him just after his arrival without any proof of him trying to be an obstacle. It is both immoral and a waste of my time. At least I can take solace in the fact that now, this anomaly will be under my observation until it's neutralised.

Narrator's POV

After classes Ayanokouji took out his skates from the bike rack next to Shirogane's bike...*what a coincidence.*

"Ahh! It's you Ayanokouji! I hope your first day went well, even after the ruckus caused in the Council room. Trust me, Shinomiya isn't always like that."

"It's fine president. I don't mind it at all. Sorry, but I will be late for work."

HOLY SHIT!!

Is he another workaholic like Shirogane?

Shirogane's eyes gleamed *brighter than the pole star he always looks at*, as he asked

"Oh really?? I work a part-time job too!!"

"I see. Since I live alone, I have to collect enough money for the day to day supplies."

"What about your parents?"

"...They do send me money...but it's a bit lesser than the required amount. So I have to work part-time instead."

"I see...."

While this might seem like a perfectly normal conversation but different things were brewing inside that mind of Shirogane's!!

He just found a bestie for life!!!

Shirogane's POV

H-He is just like me!! He works part-time...Maybe I can get him to join me at my job too! We are both financially weak.

I noticed his skates which are from a well-known brand...which is *quite contradictory*. If he has such good products...then why should he work?

I shouldn't pry too much just after talking to him for a while and I need to rush!!

I pedalled as hard as I could and while cycling I heard a pair of rolling sounds behind me. I am too busy to notice!!

I finally reached the cake shop with sweat dripping from my head as I saw....

AYANOKOUJI????

Narrator's POV

That's absolutely right!! Ladies and not ladies!!!!

Right now by too much of a sheer coincidence, they are working at the same cake shop.

HOW ODD??

And while Shirogane was dripping in *sweat as the Niagra falls*, Ayanokouji here was as *dry as the Antarctica Desert*!!

Damm, those skates...I want them.

Shirogane asked while *huffing like a granny*.

"Do you also work here?"

Ayanakouji with his same old boring tone answered

"Yes, I had signed up about a week ago. Today was my joining date, I didn't want to be late."

It seems...**it was FATE!**

Ayanokouji's POV

Getting close to all the members of the Council will be essential, hence every step of Shirogane was to be observed and preplanned. In this game of love, emotions will play a leading role.

Such emotions I will have to learn and use to my very advantage....or there is a good chance I may lose.

Surely I can try to control Hayasaka but it will take too much effort and will have a very high chance of being temporary. A lover can't be a tool. She will have to be my ally.

For now, Shirogane, be my *book of friendship*.

Prove yourself useful.

Maybe, this place...

Can teach me...

The unteachable

Spies of the Heart

Reads: 6631 | Votes: 297 | Comments: 287

Narrator's POV

This cake shop serves as a perfect habitat for the workaholic that Shirogane is. He works here 5 days per week, *without missing a single day or a sign of tardiness.*

Well, that's our School president for ya!

Now we have a new adversary, one of who I have absolutely no intel off, *unlike the rest*. Whyyy???

The shop owner nodded at both of their arrivals and quickly promoted Shirogane to take a quick shower in the washroom, he just reallllyyyy stinks of sweat.

Ayanokouji on the other hand was given an apron that gave quite a unique look and a very large contrast from his monotonous face to the **panda bear saying UwU** on the apron print.

After Shirogane entered the scene with....is that perfume?

Anyways, as they started working, they started chatting....hah, who am I kidding? They are both too focused to do that while on the clock.

This Ayanokouji is definitely a strange one...

After their shift ended it was already 7 pm as they both gave their customary goodbyes and headed their own merry ways with well.....

'WOOOWWWW, I HAVE A NEW CO-WORKER! I can't wait to show him all the ways we can get more work done!'

and

....well, I can't read Ayanokouji's thoughts.

Ayanokouji's POV

As I reached the school council room today, I noticed a new individual, namely Fujiwara, who was the main reason for the rumours turned into reality.

I nodded at them as I closed the door behind me.

Immediately I was surrounded by the inquisitive stare of Fujiwara. Her oceanic eyes seemed to swallow me whole as they showed immense curiosity about that in front of her...aka me.

In the background, I saw the President holding a letter as I tried slipping past Fujiwara.

Unfortunately, she had held onto my jacket as she invaded my space faster and better than Kushida ever could.

"Sooo, you are the new member hah!! I have soo much to ask of you, buttttt we will have to wait for a teensy moment as well...umm, Kaguya here just gotta love letter and I am super excited to find out what she is gonna do about it."

I looked at the Shirogane's pen which was now *broken*....it seems there is some tension that has been raised here.

"Hello Ayanokouji!! Look here, I just got a love letter and I really wanna go out with him."

...So, **why tell me?**

Unless...

I looked at the President shaking with disbelief as his grip on his broken pen increased now wrapped around by a white tape being tugged forcefully with an angry expression on his already cold face.

"I see, I hope it goes well."

Saying so I pulled a chair and sat on the couch next to Fujiwara and pulled out the laptop.

I had my hands on the keyboard faintly typing away some gibberish as I kept a close eye and ear on my surroundings.

I noticed Shinomiya's condescending look penetrating President's soul.

Things just might get **interesting**...

Narrator's POV

Is that a python programme that Ayanokouji is writing???

"As the Student Council President, I can't endorse you having a relationship like that...otherwise I may have to run it by a teacher."

The **tattletale and disinterest tactic** both at once!!! Now that deserves some respect!

"It is possible it's true love, I am ready to risk even expulsion if necessary, to experience such pure love with my body and soul."

Her voice reached new heights with sweetness and shyness mixed in beautifullyyyy!!!

"Does that mean, you are ready to engage in illicit activities before the age of 18?"

WE HAVE A THIRD OPPONENT!!

Ayanokouji twisted her very own words and used them against her! Well played my man!

Shinomiya's bloodthirsty gaze switched towards him as she thought

'Ayanokouji, you pathetic fool. How dare you get between me and the president and insinuate me acting on such vulgar things with some lowlife. I hope you burn in hell and get fed to the dogs like Fujiwara.'

Ooohhh, scary.

"EXACTLY!! As Ayanokouji said, what you are doing is absolutely absurd." Shirogane thanked Ayanokouji over a hundred times in his head as he delivered another killing blow.

Shinomiya's blush grew incredibly as she spoke in a stutter to such allegations

"I-If he showed me his devotion...then I am ready to show mine!" She still continues to move forward even after embarrassment reaching her peak

Shinomiya was winning by a landslide as all of them waited for the man in question's response.

Shirogane slammed the table with his hand as he spoke out

"Would it change things if I confessed???"

Wait what??

Everyone went silent as Shinomiya's mind went blank as he continues

"Would you forget him If I told you I loved you?"

Shinomiya's mind went to cloud 9 as her expressions went mellow...she forced herself to speak

"I-I wouldn't rule it out....umm.."

Like flash, Shirogane reached her and gave her a *winning smirk*

"It seems your feelings are flying too low...if you find such ease in rejecting him...It's not true love at all, is it?"

And Shirogane lands the final checkmate!! He has completely played her in the palm of his hands!

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE: SHIROGANE WI-

"Isn't it wrong to judge someone's love, especially newly formed ones, so suddenly?"

Ayanokouji closed his laptop and passed a tissue to Fujiwara who was bawling her eyes out.

It seems the story is yet to be over...

He continued his onslaught

"Isn't it also quite immoral to play with someone's emotions?"

HOW NICE IS THIS GUY??

Shinomiya's expressions turned from one in pain to one of heartfelt thankfulness

'I may have judged you too harshly'

Shirogane on the other hand faced an utter betrayal...OWCH!

Shirogane maintained his composure as he spoke, "Indeed that is true but she was being reckless."

"Indeed that is true but that doesn't warrant a falsified love confession. The person who confessed to her earlier is on clearly a higher moral pedestal than you, while you are mocking both him and Shinomiya's love by forging a confession."

If Shinomiya and Shirogane were chess pieces, Ayanokouji was the freaking chessboard!

Before any of them could respond, Fujiwara rushed and hugged Shinomiya

"Kaguyaaaaa, I don't want you to be expelled!!! Please don't do this!"

As the silent duo contemplated their actions Ayanokouji left a final piece of advice

"True love, **isn't** a sign of recklessness...President should realise that, while Vice president should try to find the worth of this confession as **mere infatuation or love**."

All of them stared at Ayanokouji and thought the same thing,

'Did he do a PhD on love or what??'

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI WINS

= =

Ayanokouji's POV

I took out my boxed lunch that I somehow managed to prepare at the newly rented home, which I refused Koenji to pay for. Considering that he is a businessman by heart, he might use it later on against me. Seeing that most were eating with their respective groups, I slipped out without warranting unwanted attention.

I sat down on the floor next to the student council room considering that school rules are not applied within its boundaries...Being in the Council has its perks...what is my Job even in the council in the first place?

Well, it doesn't matter, after all, this council was nothing like ANHS has showcased. It had a fairly bubbly group of people and an interesting situation. This begs the question...should I use this to my advantage....using their love as a means of **getting closer to them simultaneously** will indeed reduce the amount of work I will have to put in. It will help me get intel on the other students faster and give me more connections to Hayasaka.

I watched a squirrel in the bushes jumping out, realising someone

was there. I wonder who.....is that ***Hayasaka?***

It took me longer than usual to spot her, it means she is definitely a seasoned spy...but how is she one? I thought she was a butler of sorts.

Well, it doesn't matter, either way, she has piqued my interest...but I can't act like I spotted her and garner suspicion. If my hypothesis is correct, Shinomiya must have sent her to spy on me. I can let this play out...but I would rather not have her trace me.

Narrator's POV

Damm, I thought Ishigami was the lonely one, but seeing poor Ayanokouji all alone eating his bread with no fillings makes me pity him. Hayasaka was peeping at our poor boy from the bushes behind.

"Is that just bread? Doesn't he have a person to cook for him?"

Ayanokouji saw the squirrel jumping out and nuzzling his leg. HOW CUTEEE!!!

and then....he gave it the piece of bread and closed his box. Upon seeing this Hayasaka's glare softened a bit as she made a mental note

'Kind'

Ayanokouji suddenly zapped in front of Hayasaka as she tried to leave the scene. Damm he is fast!

He asked politely "Are you playing hide and seek?"

Oooh, is he asking this to not make her feel awkward?

Hayasaka said quickly "OH, well kinda I was hiding in a tree and fell down you see."

A good save by Hayasaka!

"I see, are you hurt?"

Hayasaka's thoughts were running rampant

'I can use this opportunity to get close to him! Maybe then I will have more info for Lady Kaguya'

Called it!

"A little on my knee."

She tried the seduction tactic, a vicious move often played to completely gain men under control!!

Now, let's see how smooth my man Ayanokouji is

"Alright, I will call the nurse. Please wait here. And I suppose you are hungry, here I have a bread piece left."

He then walked off briskly to get the nurse

Ayanokouji.....what a chad!! Not falling to her temptations!! Even Hayasaka was shocked as that usually works....as she sat there dazed.

SHE TOOK THE PIECE OF BREAD

AND ATTTEEEE ITTT!!!

Did anyone get the reference.....no one? Just me.....okay.

RESULTS OF TODAY'S GAME:

AYANOKOUJI WINS BUT LOSES HIS BREAD

Ayanokouji's POV

I saw her leave from the corner of my eye. It seems my scheme worked. By intentionally mentioning a bogus reason, she latched onto it, confirming her guilt. Then she tried to use my trick against me....**smart** girl.

I suspect that she may have been trying to get some information out of me by harnessing my pity for a wounded girl, **manipulative** enough. Which would have been problematic.

I can't let anyone know about ANHS or the WhiteRoom....not yet.

Is she another **Kushida**?

Right now, since she is spying on me...I will have some time to get somewhat closer to her. I can use this situation to my advantage, I will have to play my cards right.

Phones and Mischiefs

Reads: 5754 | Votes: 298 | Comments: 168

Narrator's POV

Why are we here....

Just to suffer

Truly an awful fate that Ayanokouji suffers, as he is now stuck in a drastically spicy situation between Shirogane and Shinomiya...Why?

Well, the reason is obvious.

A PHONE!

That's right, it's the same thing that brings people closer and shares beautiful memories to controversies...all bundled at the click of **a single button**.

This is no small feat of mankind, yet I doubt, mankind was so sadistic to bring such intense pressure on our man Ayanokouji who is now struggling desperately to ask for something...but I have not a single clue on what it even is....why? Because he has been **cut off over 4 times by now.**

That's right! **He is getting donowalled!**

The brutal phenomenon in which a person's existence is completely ignored even after repeated attempts to get noticed. It's basically a lethal method to ruin someone's self-esteem, intentional or unintentional.

Unfortunately, how could anyone would have predicted that just asking for a LINE number, could be this intense!!

"Pres-"

"As I was saying, I have sent you my contact. Also, Ayanokouji can we exchange contacts."

While it may simply be an absolutely normal request. In the inside 2 minds, other things were brewing

'Yes, getting a coworker's number will help out so much! But why isn't Shinomiya still asking for my number?'

'Why should I ever ask for his number squandering a perfectly good opportunity to get him to pitifully squirm and beg for my number. Why though, is he asking that Ayanokouji before me? I get Fujiwara....but this doesn't make sense

That's right, Fujiwara's ditzy and straightforward nature had made it quite a smooth lane to exchange contacts. Shinomiya's lane was

filled with nothing but large rocks of ego that Shirogane will have to break with his weak little fists.

The only unfortunate being wounded by the shots fired is poor Ayanokouji!!

Ayanokouji sighs at this ongoing battle and slams the table with a loud bang

THUDDD

"President and Vice president. May I please have your attention."

Oh!! Ayanokouji had bulletproof armour all along!! Using a loud sound was the perfect thing to break their focus on the issue and bring about their attention to him.

He spoke distinctly for all three of them to hear.

"As, I was saying, I wish to know my duties in the council and complete them as quickly as possible."

A classic workaholic. Shirogane had stars in his eyes, as he might have found his long lost brother. While Shinomiya nodded and pointed him to the laptop and started explaining him all the necessary duties.

He just ended the battle with one move. A completely average person with such extraordinary capabilities to stop these enormous

egos from battling is truly marvellous.

Ayanokouji's POV

"As you can see, you will be managing student records and analysing class performances in various fields while giving us an overview of your predictions on the classes in the future. This will help us map out required arrangements to improve our school system. Do you understand?"

Her voice showed absolute disinterest as it wandered off to President. It seems her sense of duty won over her love, albeit barely. I decided to use this as an opportunity to get closer to the **Shinomiya family.**

"Thank you Vice president" I bowed to her, showing absolute respect, which may have shocked her a bit as she stepped back a bit.

"A-Alright, please put you head up. A-and, if that is all, get to work."

"Wait a minute Vice president."

"What is it?"

I wrote down something on a piece of paper and handed it to her. She read it for a while before ripping it apart into tiny pieces as she gave me a look of thanks.

Shinomiya's POV

This Ayanokouji is a cupid sent from the heavens. There is no doubt about it.I was about to do something completely idiotic by making him ask for my number. In that way, he would find out about my old phone, with no LINE at all!!

I would have been humiliated.

"I have just uploaded my childhood picture, It was back in grade school"

"Oh wow! you looked so cuteee!!" Fujiwara...you vile trash..

I want a glimpse into his childhood too!!! It seems I will have to take out my weapon. I pulled out eyedrops tried spraying it in my eyes but a hand **stopped** me before I reached my face and pulled it back...it was Ayanokouji's.

HOW DARE HE??

"President, If you don't mind, could I get a peek at your photo too?"

Narrator's POV

Things just got a whole lot more exciting. Not only did he stop Shinomiya from using her deadly sympathy tactic but has now stopped Shirogane's bait from working at all. After all, when colleagues ask for you to show a photo so directly...it becomes really hard to refuse!

"Yes, president please show us too....o-or do you trust only Fujiwara..."

"O-Oh, well it's not like that-"

"President, unfortunately, I don't have an expensive phone, so it doesn't have LINE.So, could you just show it right here?"

Now, if the president refuses, he would feel extremely guilty as he too was poor and spent and had to choose the absolute cheapest smartphone. Using the emotion card as an advantage even with no emotions.

TRULY A HIDDEN GENIUS!!

"Regardless, here is my number xxxxxxxxxxx, please just call me. Also, president, please take her number as well while you are at it."

His gaze pointed at a fidgeting Shinomiya.

"Y-ya, here is my phone..."

This prevented Shirogane from being embarrassed about exchanging their digits,as it at least on the surface....appeared perfectly logical.

*'At least, I got her number **without asking for it** like some desperate loser. Thank you for the save Ayanokouji.'*

*'Ugh, this Ayanokouji ruined a perfectly good opportunity. But at least, him having an old phone **makes it less awkward**, otherwise, even after getting his number, I would miss his picture.'*

"Even I don't have a LINE"

Everyone just nodded while Shirogane typed it out on his contact list.

She was absolutely right since someone else had a situation just like her which made it that half the students in the group of 4 didn't have LINE, *stopping her from being ostracised* as a boomer.

And finally, he showed his picture....with a large snake eatin-**HUGGING him.**

Shinomiya immediately stored it in her memory, while Ayanokouji commented

"Quite the daredevil. Also, president, I think we should also give each other a call, later on...just to see if the contacts work."

'President will call mee!!! Thank you Ayanokouji!!'

'Shinomiya will call mee!!! Thank you Ayanokouji!!"

OH GODDAMIT!! CHOOSE A SIDE!! Don't solve every problem like this!!! How will it ever be intense with you butting in?

Anyways,

RESULTS FOR TODAY'S BATTLE:

EVERYONE WINS.

Ayanokouji's POV

As I completed my **entire week's** worth of work. It was already very late as Fujiwara had left and the others were leaving too. I decided to leave as well, as I had to go to work soon. Just as all three of us stood in front of the Student council door, it seemed Shinomiya's bag had hit my phone's power button, **causing it's screen to glow** in the evening sun.

I immediately switched it off in less than a second, yet I was aware that both of their **sharp eyes** had **noticed** this. It seems they wanted to prevent any awkward confrontation about why i lied, about not having a smartphone.

I moved out of the room leaving for work.

Narrator's POV

.....It seems, he had created the whole situation all along.

JUST FREAKING AMAZINGG!!

'So he did have a smartphone, did he lie because he didn't want to share his contact information? No, it had to be something else, as he told it to me. Did he try to help me out? Again? '

*'Did he lie to not make me feel embarrassed because of my flip phone.....while I DIDN'T need his courtesy... **I appreciate his gesture**.'*

That day, in their eyes...**Ayanokouji's respect had skyrocketed**

==================================

Upon reaching the cafe, Ayanokouji asked the owner,"Is Shirogane not working today?"

"Oh, no he has to attend a family event. Carry on with your work."

"Of course."

Damm, not even a single complaint!! He is totally devoted to his work.

Ayanokouji's POV

"Order for table 2 is here."

"Thank you!.....Hold upppp!!! Is that you Ayanokouji?"

It was Hayasaka with her friends **Mirin Hinokuchi & Subaru**

Suruga. It seems, **quite....coincidentally** that they appeared out of nowhere in this very cafe where I worked. She **totally didn't follow** me under the **pretext** of going to eat some cake with her friends.

"Good evening to the three of you."

They had entered the cafe at the perfect time, as the cafe had been empty and I was about to be on my break...Such meticulous planning done by her for a single encounter is **oddly interesting.**

"I totally didn't realise it was you...with that cuttteeee outfit you are wearing. You are just so **boring and quiet** that it doesn't suit you very well, not gonna lie." It seems Hinokuchi was surprised as she sprinkled some comments.

"I see."

"Yup!! It's soooo outta your style as a **gloomy dude**, you know??" Hayasaka said such scathing remarks with a grin of mischief on her face.

"Gloomy? I didn't realise that I was perceived that way. Thank you for informing me."That was a blatant lie, after all, I am the brand ambassador for the word gloomy. But it was needed to **put guilt on them** by creating an illusion of my unawareness of that fact.

"OH! Umm, we didn't mean to be rude or anything. It was more like an observation."

It seems....it was taken as sarcasm with my monotone face as **Suruga apologised on their behalf**.

They quickly followed

"I-I didn't mean it. I am sorry" Hinokuchi apologised profusely

"Oh, I meant it in a joking way, please don't mind it." Hayasaka also noted her error.

"I don't mind it at all. My expressions are a bit bland, it was from birth, I suppose it gave that impression. I will try to change it." I wanted this conversation to end as my boss was looking at me with a *grin etched on his wrinkly face.*

"Hey, Ayanokouji. Go home, today I am closing the shop early. I don't want to see your bloody face for a while." He barked. It seems he was *acting really hard* to ensure that I was being mistreated here, in order to give me *sympathy from the girls*.

How childish and devious...

It seems it worked wonderfully as the girls were now wary of the owner. I changed into my red overcoat as I came out of the shop. They followed behind me as Hayasaka said

"Does he overwork you dude?"

"It doesn't matter, as long as I can pay the bills. **I am just a servant in a sense.**"

A glimmer of empathy formed in her eyes, as it felt that she had something similar happen to her.

"If that's all, I will be leaving."

"Hey, wait a sec...are you busy after this?" Hinokuchi asked.

"Not exactly, why do you ask?"

"Umm, we wanted to apologise for that rude slip of the tongue...how about we treat you to some ramen? Is that okay, girls?"Hinokuchi asked us.

The *others immediately nodded*

Free food....

I flashbacked to Horikita's food....but was hoping this would be better.

"Sure."

It seems....this was an abnormality in Hayasaka's plan...yet she didn't seem perturbed...I **wonder why?**

Pitter-patter and Deliciousness!! 

Reads: 5308 | Votes: 267 | Comments: 140

Narrator's POV

If parting with your classmates had to be a drama written by the dead body of Shakespear himself....this would be it, folks.

The four of them walking quietly parting ways was the fruition of something **so freaking normal** that it will blow the socks off your smelly feet.

But for that, we will have to go back in time.

Flashback

The pitter-patter of rains brought utter distraught to the 4 hopeful lads...well 3. The fourth one, I can't really tell with his bland expressions.

"This is quite unfortunate huh, Ayanokouji, what were you doing there, picking up pamphlets from the shops while we were walking...Did you need something?" Hinokuchi asked me.

She was right to ask that question because he had been swiping all of them left and right while the other three were chatting!

"Oh, that? I was keeping a *mental note of the prices of the groceries* I will be needing today."

He is doing what??

"So, just going cheapskate are we?"Hayasaka questioned

"Not exactly, I keep the track of unit prices and volumes written in the fine print. So I keep a check on the quality as well."

"You mean to say, you are actually keeping track of the prices by units and not simply buying what's cheap....umm?" Hayasaka was clearly surprised.

He simply nodded and went back to the pamphlets.

As she is the head butler of the Shinomiya household, it is of no surprise that she has to cater to the food department and manage it, so that, only the most premium and top quality food gets in the entitled stomachs of the family.

While most of her time goes by lecturing other chefs and maids to keep the cost in check and also the quality, after all, she had to explain the budget usage to the authorities. She was pleasantly surprised.

"It seems you have taken shrinkflation into account."She whispered under her breath.

Sooo, shrinkflation is the wicked tactic used by many companies, to get more profits. How so?

It's simple, have you ever noticed that the chips packets you are eating are getting **lesser and lesser chips** than in the 1990's or so, even when you are paying the **same exact price**?

Well, OF COURSE, YOU HAVEN'T!!! **You weren't born back then!**

Companies are slowly removing bit by bit or changing the designs to make the containers smaller slightly so the oh so naive customer gets less bang for their buck!!

Since it's quite difficult to notice unless you check the unit prices each time and keep track of the units in the previous purchases, it's

the perfect scheme.

After all, most are willing to get slightly lesser content but will turn their noses to the increased prices.

TRULY DEVIOUS!!!

"I did, keep that in account" Ayanokouji whispered back. It seems *things are getting forward* between the two, on **economics and marketing**!!!

HOW LOVELY AND STRAIGHT OUT OF A ROM COM!!!

Hayasaka was shellshocked that Ayanokouji had heard her real thoughts! She had whispered faintly enough and the rain's pitter-patter should have completely muffled her voice....

Yet he did it? How? Does he have ***pigeon ears***??

Cough

....Though **cat ears** would be better.

"Why are you fidgeting Hayasaka? Are you cold?"Suruga asked out of concern.

"No, not exactly. I was just concerned that we wasted Ayanokouji's free time with this dumb rain! Ugh, sorry dude, rain is just a bummer."

Ohhh!! Hayasaka quickly diverted the attention to Ayanokouji in order to hide her shock and the contents of what she had said.

Because if anyone else heard that, they would one billion per cent question her gyaru persona. As which gyaru ever saves and worries about money and the market prices?.....at least in the world I live in.

Hayasaka in everyone's eyes in the school is just a ditzy popular gyaru girl with nothing but a 2D personality fit for the Oscars. She always is the last of her class, **intentionally.**

Hence, terms like shrinkflation should never be recognised by.....well, her thoughts describe it the best....

'*A dumb, idiot like me, shouldn't ever be having these thoughts. I had almost slipped up, I have*

to be even more careful, practising it over and over again. Keep calm Hayasaka, here you are

nothing but a gyaru idiot with nothing but a bundle of smiles and cheers...**don't ever show the real you**.'

....As I said, Hayasaka is a seasoned actor.....but I missed out on **how much effort** she has to put into her acting.

"It's not an issue at all. I enjoy the rain."

She smiled her practised smile as she said, "Me too Ayanokouji. It is quite cool to be drenched in it But mom would tots scold me if she finds out."

"I would want to experience that too, It might be quite fun."

"Huh, how can anyone tell with that face of yours" She chuckled slightly at his comment.

"Wow, you both are talking quite well with each other! It's quite strange considering Hayasaka is like the total opposite of you Ayanokouji..." Suruga commented while being quite intrigued.

She was absolutely right, they were the yin and yang of social hierarchy!! One was the loner gloomy dude the other was the hot gyaru girl. Them interacting normally was something most unexpected.

YET IT'S HAPPENING!!

"Is it that strange? Aren't we classmates?"

"True, what's so about it? Honestly, It would be kinda weird to not agree with him, after all, who doesn't like rain."

Two hands shot up.....well, that's *awkward*.

They were completely nonchalant about what she was *implying*.....well I think at least Ayanokouji was.

Hayasaka on the other hand has totally mastered the social interactions department and had completely understood what she was implying....yet *beautifully diverged* it with Ayanokouji's statement.

"Ahha you guys are no fun~" Suruga pouted.

"Ayy, let's go, the rain stopped." Hinokuchi patted Suruga's head....**cute**.

"Yaa!! We will be like supperrr late." Hayasaka said while pointing at her silver watch glistened under the *peeking sun from the darkness of the residing clouds*.

Damm this day is getting quite metaphorical. Which is quite acceptable, as that *watch means the world to her*.

After they reached the ramen shop which was a world heritage site for the exquisite pristine ramen. I may have exaggerated a bit....

Cough

Anyways, then they all sat down with a prim proper and ordered in sync

'Seafood ramen with extra shrimps and no tuna.'

'Chicken ramen and no egg with more gravy.'

'Extra Spicy ramen and extra chilli pepper and 1 whole egg.'

'Ramen.....'

The ramen shop went pin-drop silent as they all creaked their stiff necks to look at Ayanokouji with deathly pale eyes.

How pathetic of you Ayanokouji.....disappointing.

"What?"

"Oh...it's just that you ordered plainnn ramen....ya know...*that's kinda taboo*."

Ayanokouji stared at Hayasaka while contemplating his life choices.....

"Oh..I see, I haven't tried Ramen before, so please forgive my inexperience with the menu."

Those death glares turned pale as they pitied the young lad...

HOW DEPRESSING!!! You are not pathetic you sweet innocent child...

"Wait why not? Like what do you even eat then?"Suruga slammed the table in utter disbelief.

"The usual like vegetables, meat etc.....isn't that normal."

"Suruga get's a bit dramatic at times. What she meant to say was, while we eat those...but ramen flows through our veins. It's like a

staple food even with less nutrition."

Hinokuchi looked at Suruga with slight irritation but quickly reverted back to her happy state.

Hayasaka spoke up "Excuse me. Please change his order to Chicken Ramen.I think you will like it Ayanokouji, it's my favourite!"

Ayanokouji's POV

Our ramen noodles were served. I remember not buying them after Horikita glared at me for my lewd comment.

I smelled it....this aroma, I had never been acquainted with such a rich aroma of any dish. In the White room, it was simply food capsules or bland nutrition. It was beneficial as no one could ever be obese even if they wanted to but it made food quite unappetising to many.

I had seen kids throwing a fit over not getting the usual good food on the first day of the Phase 2....**the consequences were**

dire.....the next day, he quietly ate...not a single complaint.

"Ayanokouji, don't just stare at the ramen, eat it too." Suruga said in excitement awaiting my reaction.

I nodded as I picked up my chopsticks and took a bite of the noodles which had absorbed the rich gravy....and ....

Slurp

Slurp

Slurp

Slurp

"It's quite nice."

"Your reactions are bland as always Ayanokouji....not fun." Suruga started eating her ramen.

"Heh, he is like that but I think he liked it quite a bit to eat it like that....right?"Hayasaka asked after finishing her first bite.

I nodded again and continued eating....and eating....and eating.

It was a whole burst of flavours in my mouth from the chicken's lingering taste to the noodle's smooth texture giving a rich effect to the ingredients of the gravy as it melted in my mouth.

This was the first time I had such delicious food....other than Icecream.

It tasted like a firework of flavours bursting under the night sky of a new year marking the beginning my journey of delicious cuisines.

"AHH.....Hey Ayanokouji, try this.Lookie here..."

Hayasaka tapped my side of the table and pointed to her spoon having a mini version of the ramen.

I see, this will give her the flavours of all the components of the ramen.

I tried it and bit into it.....

I felt my stoic expressions twitching from the explosion of different flavours in my mouth. The egg's soft texture mixed well with the spinach's roughness as it all submerged in the gravy. The bite opened a thousand gates of spices and taste that I had never explored before....it was fascinating.

"Heh...Ayanokouji's eyebrows perked up. It seems he is enjoying

himself." Hinokuchi nudged Suruga who nodded happily.

Hayasaka smirked a bit while slurping the noodles.

In a short time, the noodles were over.

"Thank you for today. I appreciate it."I said while giving the final bye to the three.

"It was righttt!!! Finally, you realised the divinity of ramen! Legends say, that there are 4 ramen kings...but they are all hidden. One day, I will be ramen queen!" Suruga giggled while saying that.

Hayasaka simply waved while giving a final look at my bland face with Hinokouchi and we walked away...**for our paths and fates crossing again**.

Flashback ends

Narrator's POV

That's all folks!! This day led to a small ripple in Ayanokouji's perception of the world's happier moments.....while the trio's curiosity increased on our mystery or boring man.

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI AND HAYASAKA WIN!

....Suruga ends her day with another bowl of late night ramen

Mr Heartless!! I am in Love!!💘

Reads: 5706 | Votes: 270 | Comments: 139

Ayanokouji's POV

"Hey, Ayanokouji!! Yesterday was fun right? But damm dude, your reactionnsss...." Suruga came forward and asked in a cheerful tone.

"It was quite pleasant and I am working on my reactions as well," I added a positive note to my rather monotone response

"Don't sweat it, dude. It will come naturally, **I hate fakers**....." Her face scrunched up into a frown as she spoke the last few words with bitter resentment. It seems....something happened to her....

'Hey...why is Suruga talking to that gloomy dude?'

'I know right!! What's up with them?'

'Maybe they became friends?'

'Wow, good for the gloomy dude, maybe he will talk to us too!'

'Oh that might be cool, we barely know anything about the transfer student!'

'Damm! Suruga is quite cool you know? She took me out of my emo girl phase.'

The voices near us, weren't filled with malice.....that's ***quite a change***, from what I was used to in ANHS.

"Ayanokouji, let's go. We will be let for Council meetings." Shinomiya called me as I stood up.

"Yes, please....also Suruga, thank you for introducing me to ramen, mention it to the rest 2 too."

"Hey wait up! Here have our numbers, let's go for ramen again sometime!" Hayasaka offered to me which I accepted...I suppose this is another one of her schemes to trace my number to then verify it. *Sly enough*...

That's how I got the first person's number...I am not happy with this.

I sent my parting goodbyes before walking in the empty corridor next to Shinomiya.

Narrator's POV

Wow, this time I wasn't the one to say hello first.....darn it POVs

"Ayanokouji, what was that about ramen....Did you imply you have never eaten them?" Shinomiya asked a simple innocent question.....HAH! **You are so wrong!**

She had planned the whole ramen shop meeting and had personally forced Hayasaka to initiate contact after school. After yesterday's battle, Shinomiya had a positive impression of him. She had to be 1 million per cent sure.

After all, Ayanokouji is the definition of strange obscurity! His records never reached her hands! It seems the school had put a blockage in her accessing any of them.

So all she had left was.....STALKING!! *A perfectly normal and logical step!*

Now, starting this question, she wishes to start getting closer to Ayanokouji both for her and the school's safety!

After all! Who trusts a person if they don't have every single detail about them, in a file bound and stacked with the rest of the

students?... Certainly not her!

"I think that conversation didn't include you, hence I suppose you shouldn't be eavesdropping....."Ayanokouji nonchalantly diverted it

"....But I can humour you, I simply have never eaten it before due to a strict nutrition based diet." Yet maintained a calm decorum and answered her, before she blew her fuse! What a chad!

'Quite a roundabout way of answering, after...trying to insult me.I can't care less about his diet or personal life, I just need more information about his academics and student participation. Hayaasaaakkaaaa!!! Whyy did you say nooo to ***stealing it from the student-faculty software****!!.... Not only that, you even lectured me on how illegal it was....hmph!'*

Her mind was a bit confused yet she continued

"I-I see, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, I just overheard it. It seems, your friend count has increased....*congrats*" She whispered the last part.....tsun-tsun.

"It's not an issue, It was simply a joke to maintain an amicable discourse with you."He spoke as if he never heard the last part.

"Ahaa....I see, are your studies holding up well with school and council balance?" Another attempt my Shinomiya!

"Yes quite well, I even have time to take a part-time job....**with President**."Ayanokouji let out a bait of information which obviously Shinomiya took like a hungry fish.

"....WHAT? A part-time job?? WITH PRESIDENT???" She didn't expect this! Considering that Shirogane hadn't arrived at the shop on that very day....it's quite obvious why Hayaska didn't report it.

What's interesting is that she hadn't ever stalkin-I mean gathered information about the President's or anyone's workplace, as she thought of it as outside school grounds and didn't want to intrude....the only good thing about her stalkin-information collection schemes.

Welll...Ayanokouji was an exception to begin with.

"I think we reached the Council room, lets go inside." Oohhh! Cruel play by Ayanokouji, leaving her hanging like that....

Another beautifullll dodgeee!! My man is a pro dodger too!!!

Folks, we can all say, as of this moment...

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI WINS

She was about to send a rebuttal attack but...

= =

"NOT TO BRAG...but I have never once been rejected." Those words spoken my Shirogane drove all her attention.

The voice behind the door soaked her in like a vacuum cleaner.

Ayanokouji not giving a f*ck just walked in ignoring her slamming her ear against the door.

Ayanokouji's POV

It seems President is giving love advice, quite a game-changer considering he never confessed to the Vice president.

"Oh, Ayanokoujiii!! Sit here now!!" He pulled me down on the sofa saying so.

After being brought up to speed I said

"You want to impress your crush, I see. Well, did you ever talk to her before?"

"I-I have talked to her a couple of times. She gave me 3 choco balls on Valentine's day " the boy spoke in a nervous stutter.

President immediately chirped in, "It might seem...that's it's a small and insignificant gesture from her but from my plethora of experience, I can guarantee...it's more than that, girls often contradict their actions."

It seems his experience is a sham...

It doesn't matter much to me. I would rather finish my work. I nodded and started completing my report.

The conversation that soon ensued was the epitome of flawed and sinful advice. I simply nodded along, playing my part as the cheerleader.

Who even wall slams to get love.....oh wait, nevermind. Maybe....it can still be saved.

"As expected of the person who won the heart of Shinomiya!" The boy has now entered the warzone I will have to eliminate him.

I have no interest in letting a foreign entity cause an anomaly.

"AHHHH"

I saw the shocked expression of the person in front and behind the door.

"I think Shinomiya hates me, lately she has been giving me glares at times."Did President open up that easily?

"What do you feel?" The boy asked in a decisive aura...

"I feel she is rich. Sometimes she is ditzy and Sad-"

I hit his shin under the table and looked behind the door.

He immediately caught on to what I signified

"Sadly, she is just so amazing, I can't even put it into words. She is the cutest and most sharp adding to her charm. SHINOMIYA IS THE PERFECT GIRL!"

...Quite a bold proclamation.

President grabbed my shoulder and spoke "Hey Ayanokouji, you have been quiet for quite a while, speak up on what you think!"

His eyes told a different story

'HELP!'

It seems the stress of finding that the Vice president is outside the door had gotten to him. I sent a quick message on my phone as I spoke up.

"I don't agree with the president at all. In almost all the things he said, it was utter bogus."

Silence spread through the room as the eyes of the president drooped and the boy's as well.

"...President, while I respect your efforts, there is no reason to give advice on matters you aren't well versed in or have any knowledge about."

The President rose up from his chair as the Vice President glared at me from the background. The aura was menacing.

He spoke "Oh really? First, you try to disrespect my advice and now you are questioning my legitimacy."

I nodded affirmatively as I spoke "If I made a mistake, I can simply call in the Vice president and ask him to tell her what he told you.....**That you stole her heart**"

I shut my laptop and started thinking of the optimal outcome.

*'If this spreads out and reaches Shinomiya's ears it's all over, its LIKE I CONFESSED TO HER! NOOOOO!!! **YOU BETRAYER**!!'*

*'**WOOHOO**!! If I get called there then President will have to confess to me!! AHHH!! Well played Ayanokouji!'*

"Umm....then can you say what I should do? That's better than THE president? Aren't you are the new transfer kid, what do you know?"

"Nothing at all. That's the thing, I don't know absolutely anything about her, and neither do you. President was providing an overly optimistic view of the scenario you explained when we both know what reality is...**She was making fun of you**.

So tell me president...who would be responsible if that was the case? What if Kashiwagi doesn't actually like him at all and she wasn't twisting her words. Wall slamming someone like that...."

I got out of my seat placed the laptop on the table and walked to the president. His expressions screamed confusion.

I grabbed his collar and pushed him to the door causing the Vice president to fall down behind the door.

"What do you feel right now? Tell it, **loud and clear**."

He was sweating bullets but spoke up, "Anger and hurt."

I immediately let go off his collar.

"Sorry president, I simply had to."

"A-Ah"

"As I was saying, the wall slam is a very threatening position and will likely cause something as small as a slap to even an expulsion. **Will you take responsibility** if that happens because of your advice President?"

I looked at him with an unwavering gaze

Narrator's POV

Just.....scary, **Ayanokouji is just scary**.

The way he door slammed the president and now is stripping his dignity away from him is loud and clear for everyone to witness.

The president is panicking on the inside

'H-he is right. Trying to save the reputation I gave....advice.....and I hadn't considered the outcome if it went drastic...I am a failure as a student president, I am one, who cares more about my reputation than the students themselves.....no.'

It seems, Ayanokouji hit it where it hurts to Shirogane, just brutal.

*'W-While, I hate you Ayanokouji with all my living soul for what you just said and did.....you said **nothing but the truth**.....'*

Shinomiya's face was dead as she paled seeing the president in a frightened state and instead of going against the perpetrator, she is actually siding with him.

Shirogane is gonna take an L here....not only did he get caught lying but it seems as if Ayanokouji was still having mercy on him.

If Ayanokouji brought Shinomiya into the room, it would be the Catalyst for Shirogane's loss both as a president....and in the war of lovveeee.

But he didn't...he went along with talking about Kashiwagi....Shirogane was saved from one attack.

But will he survive this attack?

"I-I....apologise for my mistake. I hadn't thought ahead and given you a bit of contingency advice as well....but I am sure, Ayanokouji

will help you out in that...after all, he seems to be much more versed in this field."

Shirogane was done playing, he was serious now about helping this boy, honestly...

They both looked at Ayanokouji in hope as he sighed deeply

I held my breath...

"Do you have a crush on her?" Ayanokouji asked calmly as the boy nodded immediately

"Do you like her?" He nodded again.

"I see why so?"

"Didn't you hear when I said to President?" the boy was getting annoyed. What are you playing here?

"Please repeat"

"I like how she looks and does her hair. Her voice is sweet. She is also very popular and makes jokes with me. Oh also, she is very very cute!!...blah blah"He was speaking in a bullet train speed.

"I asked....why you like her.....Not why you have a crush on her...."

Ayanokouji broke the chain of thoughts that the boy was ranting off into.

"What do you mean? Aren't they both the same?"

"No, what you described can be said about any tv idol, model or actress...can't it? We have our crushes on them...right? I asked you specifically why you *liked her*, what makes her different...would you start liking let's say a model if she had entered the scene.

Would you stop crushing on Kashiwagi? Would you choose the model instead? Would you-"

Ayanokouji's words were like an intense poison seeping down the boy's throat as he choked

"NOOO!!!! Kashiwagi is different, her jokes while hurtful still make sure I am okay later on. Not just that, she is always good at keeping others' secrets and all her friends trust her. She always likes to banter and makes others laugh. She is amazing because of what she does...

I WON'T EVER CHOOSE ANYONE ELSE."

He shouted

"W-what.....did you say Tsubasa?" A voice came from outside the door as it creaked open revealing 3 people

Shinomiya's distraught face, Hayasaka's surprised voice and .....Kashiwagi's shivering tone.

It seems anger took over Tsubasa and all his senses, went off the window....as he door slammed her.

"**WILL YOU GO OUT WITH ME?**"

"Y-y-yes....I-I will....umm.....go out.....with you."

It seems....it worked.....

Huh...

Well, now what?

The wall slam worked better than anticipated...though I presume it was out of Tsubasa's boldness and the shock she faced.

Hayasaka waved her phone at me as she smiled, "Well played Ayanokouji....but you have explaining to do."

It seems she was right....a lot of questioning faces were pointed at me....

How bothersome.

The Pupils Widen

Reads: 4948 | Votes: 270 | Comments: 95

Narrator's POV

Silence spread through the room as everyone stood with bated breath. Wow..this is supposed to be a comedy show right?

"Sooooo Ayanokouji, mind explaining....why your first message to me was..."

All of us peered at her phone as she put it on display

'**Kashiwagi SC, now**'

Ehh?

Wow, *what a way to slide into her dms.*

"The problem is solved right. Hence why worry about what happened in the past."

Saying so he tried to leave but was grabbed on hold by now Kashiwagi's boyfriend aka Tsubasa!

"AAA---AAYANOKOUJI THAAAANNNKKK YOUU!!!!"

He was crying while holding onto Ayanokouji's shirt while Ayanokouji genty patted his shoulder.

Ahhh, what a bro!

"I simply followed President's vision and elucidated on it."

Hah, good joke. If Shirogane had his way, things would be way less exciting.

"THANK YOU TOO PRESIDENTTT!!!" and his tears didn't stop, what a happy lad.

"So, Ayanokouji, what did Hayasaka mean?"

Ayanokouji looked at them with eyes filled with boredom as he asked

"Do I really need to explain?"

This time Hayasaka showed a slight impatience and asked

"Yes....yes....yes."

He nodded and sat down on the sofa along with the rest of the

Council members.

"Are the lovebirds staying?"

Hearing that 3 puffs of smoke exploded from the pair's reddened faces as they went out.

'*L-L-Loveb-birds…*'

'*Did I just….get a boyfriend?*'

0 = ***0***

x---------------------------------------*x*

0 = ***0***

"So, Ayanokouji...mind explaining to us what was that?" Shinomiya not even giving a bit of slack on the noose she was trying to tie around Ayanokouji, went straight for the attack.

"I simply asked her to visit the Student Council room, considering the situation."Ayanokouji sat on the couch and lay back while answering the question with absolute apathy, as if he was done

with this.

"So you were just looking for confrontation as a solution?" Hayasaka sat next to Shinomiya and asked with a mischievous smirk.

He looked at Hayasaka in an unwavering gaze for a moment which was returned by Hayasaka in full.

It almost seemed they were communicating with their eyes.

He then sighed and looked at the Shirogane next to him in a gloomy state.

"Considering President asked me to help him out, I didn't want to refuse but considering I am completely inexperienced in this field as well I simply thought that communicating truthfully will be the most efficient, hence I texted Hayasaka to bring her Kashiwagi along, to let her witness herself, ***the truth***."

"So all those insults were simply to get the truth out of us?" Shirogane's voice had drooped down considerably and become much graver, it seems he really regrets giving such inconsiderate and reckless advice to a student seeking for help.

"Yes exactly, humans often tend to say the truth in anger, as lies take quite a bit of focus to process."Ayanokouji yet again bluntly answered their questions without giving the slightest bit of consideration.

Hayasaka on the other hand was enjoying this. She didn't realise what had taken place yet she had a just of it based on the frightful observation skills she possesses.

"Ahh okieeee, but how did'ya predict this situation Ayanokouji?" Her voice was dripping with curiosity and this time *it wasn't fake...*

Ayanokouji stayed quiet for quite a while as he then started answering to the 3 pairs of eyes all filled with different emotions ranging from childlike curiosity to depressed emo teenager...

.....

...

..

.

Okay, *maybe that was rude*.....

"After the first five minutes president talked, I realised, this was going downhill considering his ideology was extremely flawed and inexperienced....after all, I myself am inexperienced as well."

That was a direct stab at Shirogane's pride as they both while on the same level, there was a hell and heaven difference between them in terms of love advice.

We could now see a black aura of jealously and disappointment swirling around Shirogane as he spoke...

"Heyyy, whose side are you on Ayanokouji!! But I realised, I may have acted slightly selfish and unbecoming of the Student Council President...."

Now that aura simply was converted to one of guilt.

Damm Shirogane did feel quite upset....Ayanokouji also doesn't leave any room for softness in such direct and scathing words

Shinomiya couldn't see her beloved president in such a downtrodden state and tried to cheer him up.

"No President...don't say that."

He ignored her plea and continued to wallow, while this may seem overdramatic to some and even over exaggeration, this wasn't the case for Shirogane. He has always....and I mean always, strived for perfection and lived up to his set of ideals.

These very ideals of his, dictated his way of life, yet today he had deviated from this, all in the worry of a materialistic thing

called....***ego***.

His work ethic as a Student Council President, the one who should always provide a transparent and helpful nature, had almost been jeopardised. All, because of a simple advice...that's the pedestal he puts himself at.

A Man of Conviction

"I have to accept it Shinomiya..it was my fault."

"It was, completely your fault. Imagine, if you lost someone you loved while they were at the reach of your fingertips...all because you did a single mistake....maybe because *you are too late*..."

This was another poisonous bite by Ayanokouji which spread it's fangs through the skin and minds of Shirogane and Shinomiya...

Ayanokouji's analogy has struck a nerve too close to home.

A *red-eyed glare* was sent by Shinomiya, completely ignored by

Ayanokouji.

He then focused on Shirogane as he held his shoulder...

"...but, your wall bang did work in the end, without your idea, this wouldn't have been bought to fruition. That *suddenness was the key to the success*..hence you did solve the problem ***you were about to cause***."

This brought some hope to flicker in all of their eyes...

"See that President, please don't feel bad. You did well!"

Hayasaka spoke in a approving tone while Shinomiya nodded vigorously.

"While I appreciate it...It was still my fault, if something went wrong..."

"Even if something went wrong, both you and that boy would learn from it. That's why...its called a mistake

it's just....a **missed take**....and you can always, re-take....and make a correct take.

And this was a situation, where it was *just a what-if*....and didn't the boy, come into the Student Council room...hence it's **our** responsibility if you want to keep blaming yourself go ahead, because, **it was your fault**

but

Will it change anything?"

Silence spread through the room as they heard Ayanokouji's *bittersweet* words...this was certainly something.

His words had resonated with the one in question, Shirogane as he pondered a bit over it and then spoke up...

"You are right Ayanokouji, I will simply have to keep that into account and move forward...you are quite something alright, I am quite glad that Shinomiya had chosen you to be a part of the council...albeit her methods were questionable."

Shinomiya went pink as she turned around

"A-Ah anything for your President...."

Ayanokouji immediately put a stopper on the faucet of compliment.

"Just an *average council member.*"

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI IS A STRANGE ONE

Tsubasa and Kashiwagi nervously look at each other's eyes

0*= =*0

x----------x

0*= =*0

Ring

Ring

Ayanokouji's POV

Walking out of Council room with Hayasaka while Shinomiya was left alone with Shirogane...for well...council purposes he was questioned...

"Ayanokouji, back there...that was something alright...."

"Mhmm, but you deserve the credit. After all, without you, that whole plan wouldn't have worked and the way you carried out the such vague instructions is truly remarkable."

Hayasaka smiled a bit at that as she spoke

"Ahhaaa.....it was vague, but considering your personality I kinda vibed that you meant something really important ya'know, so I simply lent a hand...no biggie."

"Oh really, may I know how my gloomy personality helped you consider."

"Ahh...look don'tcha dare twist my words, I just meant that you are a serious kinda dude, so you wouldn't text a gyaru like me without a good reason...heh."

She gave a simple shrug as she walked alongside him.

"I should clarify, I am not a serious person...I simply believe in the motto, Let sleeping dogs lie.

Hence, I simply don't take much initiative and participate in social interactions, as they might be hectic."

"Oh so you look down on us plebs who do talk to others hmmmm..."

"Quite opposite, I just admire the effort you and many others put in social interactions and wish to improve myself and shift my ideology as well. After all, humans are social creatures."

"Ahhhaa....totally I believe yaaa, for one sec I thought you would be like those depressed protagonists thinking 'youth is a lie' kinda things...

Ohh one more thing...

How do you explain your supperrrrr formal way of talking? Like, even now, all your words are something we generally use in a grammar test. It's kinda refreshing to hear such word use."

Oh, it seems she may be right....

"I simply read a lot of books and mimicked their word usage, when I was a child. It seems my lexicon is bonded to that."

She was probably going to ask about my childhood but bit back on her tongue and asked something else entirely....

"Ohh, then why don't I see you on the top 10 students in English tests? Because even their English ain't that sophisticated."

Oh, it seems, her observations on me are like a hawk, should I comment on that....no, I would rather come up with a decent excuse...

"I simply have a terrible Handwriting, taking that into account, I presume the teacher doesn't read my paper well enough."

"Ohhh...gotcha, can't relate dude, my handwriting is quite pretty...but...let's just not talk about my grades."

"Why should I? When it's right down in the last for everyone to see."

"Heyyyyyy....what the hell dude." She had a smirk on her face and slight embarrassment at that revelation.

"Did I lie?"

"Na'ah, heh...you really don't hold back do ya...I respect that not gonna lie."

She walked ahead of me a bit after that as we entered the class.

Hmm, I wonder...if that truly means anything to her.

"AYANOKOUJI WANNA GO TO THE ARCADE TOMMOROW?"

I heard a male voice shout loudly to grab my attention.....

I craned my neck...ohh, it's him.

Hot topics and Cool Yoghurt!

Reads: 4544 | Votes: 250 | Comments: 110

Ayanokouji's POV

"Hello President, may I know the reason for such a sudden offer"

It was Shirogane huffing and puffing as he stood there, it wasn't everyday the president was so distraught.

"No exact reason. It's just that I thought it would be a good idea to get to know our new council member better...ya that!!!" I could see him averting his eyes as he spoke. I tilted my face to follow his line of sight and he dodged again...I turned again, and he dodged again. And now he started winking at me...quite vigorously.

I gave up and spoke, "Why don't we go back to the Council room and talk."

It seems, there goes my lunch break.....and my chocolate yoghurt.

"President please wait for a while."

"Sure Ayanokouji, I will go to the council room. Come quick" He winked again at me.....alright, that was something.

I got back to my table and took out my lunch....all of it was just yoghurt. I could see it started to melt...

By the time I will come back, the yoghurt will turn watery...

I hope this is important.

"AYANOKOUJIII ARE YOU DONE"

It seems Shirogane is getting very impatient...

"Omg, this heat is killing me. Ahh, Suruga I will tots evaporate."

"Ahha, I think the sun already evaporated your brain Hayasaka."

I could hear the bantering between the trio as they went on and on with their strange arguments as I could feel the heat getting to me too. Whiteroom and it's A/C was quite different than the real world.

"I am coming President"

I walked up to Hayasaka and spoke, "Do you want this? If yes, here you are...if no give it to anyone else. Bye, have a good day."

Without waiting for a response I rushed off to the president outside. It seems my social skills are still absolutely zero.

"AYANOKOUJI DID YOU DO YOUR FIRST TIME?"

First what?

Narrator's POV

Ahh the sheer intrigue in this intense situation which many teenagers find themselves stuck in. I wonder how Ayanokouji will answer it.

"Oh I had my first time long back."

"WAIT WHAT!!!"

NANIIII.....

Woah, who knew the quiet kid would be so scandelous.

"Why? Is there something wrong?"Ayanokouji tilted his head in cofusion at this drastic reaction from Shirogane.

"You know what....just follow me" Shirogane slapped his face as he comtemplated his existence

As they entered the Council room, Shirogane pointed his finger to Shinomiya as he explained the whole situation

(A/N: Watch the anime)

"Oh, I agree with Vice president. It's completely normal."

"Oh at least Ayanokouji ***hasn't been brought up in a loveless enviroment.***"

Ayanokouji nodded and sat down reading the couch while Shirogane and Fujiwara were going through personal crises.

'Ayanokouji, I thought we were brothers and we were supposed to be stick together, that's why i brought you here!! How did you do it? Am I a failure in romance!!! It can't be NOOOOOO!! Even after hearing it twice I can't believe it!!! '

'AYANOKOUJI!!...why??? I thought I could do it after I was 18, that's when we should indulge in such acts. I mean is it really that necessary. Ayanokouji! I thought you weren't a horny bastard...NOOOOOOO'

One in betrayal, other in shock, both in depression.

HOW WONDERFUL!!!

As you all can see how truly pathetic this situation is for them. All their pride in themselves as upstanding teenagers got completely crushed faster than Shinomya said that next few words....

"So Ayanokouji. I did it to my newborn nephew and you?"

This brought on a myriad of thoughts in both of their minds

'*WHAT IS WRONG WITH HER PSYCHOTIC FAMILY??Is this what the Kaguya family has come down to??? NO...whyyyy!!!!!'*

Shirogane started to go down a scary spiral of thoughts as he spoke

"Fujiwara, I think...I need a doctor"

'Is she insane...how disgusting can she be!!!'

Chika had a stroke from the amount of things her ears were hearing as she held the desk for support

"President....I need a funeral"

Ayanokouji responded without hesitation.

"Oh just after I was born, my mother kissed my head...as I am told at least."

He was told....

AND

Can we rewind??

'WAIT WHAT?'

Both Fujiwara and Shirogane had a sudden realisation that maybe the two.....*were too pure*.

"Hai, Fujiwara I think they don't understand...." Shirogane hit his forehead in disbelief

"Ahhhaa.....should be break their purity?" Fujiwara didn't want to taint such pure humans with the filth she was about to spit.

Shirogane sighed as he spoke his wise words through his regretful eyes..

"Sacrifices must be made."

HOW SAD!!! THIS IS WORSE THAN THE TITANIC!

And they both individually whispered the true meaning of the first time, Shinomiya went through 4 different emotions at the same time, shocked to try to bury herself in the centre of the earth.

While Ayanokouji.....well he is Ayanokouji.

"Oh I see, I must have misjudged the meaning of the question." His always formal and calm response sent an eerie feeling through the room.

While the more serious individuals tend to be calmer...but this level of calmness brought both maturity and slight strangeness to the table.

Yet they decided to chalk it up to mere personality traits.

" I truly wonder what your flustered face is like" Shinomiya was really really curious since she often considered herself as the most poignant and calm person there...and even her face had turned redder than a red beet.

They all just stared at Ayanokouji....totally not creepy right?

"Why should I be flustered? It's just statistics of sexual encounters in the teenage years. Anyways I will take my leave."

"Hey hey, wait..."

He ignored Shirogane's cries as he walked out

Wow...that was anticlimactic.

Ayanokouji went outside as he exhaled, "So.....no arcade then...I hope I didn't make things awkward."

Yeowch! That must have stung!!!

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI IS SAD

SHINOMIYA LOSES HER INNOCENCE

I will cry in the corner, after this

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

Hayasaka's POV

Cold choco yoghurt dropped on my hands as I felt a boy standing next to me.

It was Ayanokouji with his deep brooding expression as he gave it to me just like that. But then I realised he was just going to the Council and didn't want to waste the food.

"Ohhhh...looks like you got the yoghurt I want ittttt. Gimmee nowww." Hinokuchi wanted it badly as she grumbled while eating her food.

"Yes give us too you know. Ayanokouji did say we can take it too."Suruga started getting her grubby paws on it.

I slapped it away as I spoke, "Look if Ayanokouji gave me literally anything else. You hungry folks could have it....but not this...noways, I was craving this."

I really was craving something sweet and here it was in front of me, though the way he said it needed some work...his intent was clear. I will have to pay him back one day.

But now, let's eat!!!

It was delicious as I usually never brought such snacks for myself

"Wow, your face really brightened up! That yoghurt is that yummy?" Hinokuchi exclaimed in curiosity

"Aren't I always like this though?"

"Well...yaaa...but like, you reminded me of myself when I eat ramen...Rammmennnnn!!!"She went to dreamland as she uttered that word

We started chatting about all these talks which I was **well researched** in. I saw Ayanokouji come in and I went up to him

"Thanks for that dude! I really needed that."

"Don't mention it. But I am hungry right now..."He said it in the blandest way possible.

"Oh....hmm, you know what? I would take you to the cafe nearby...But I need to go home ssoooo...do you want me to order you something instead?"

"Don't you usually bring tiffin, we can exchange that?" Ah...how do I tell him, how much of a miser I really am.

"Nah not really. I just buy snacks and stuff ya'know. Anyways babaii! I will buy you something tomorrow "

No, that was a lie. I simply don't want to waste money and don't have time to exercise.

I thought the conversation was over and I started walking away

"I see. Fair enough. So, are you free some other day then?"

I turned around and looked at him questioningly

"Do you want to try cooking?"

"Umm, not exactly...too much effort heh."

"I am going to go to a class this week. Do you want to join me? Then you wouldn't have to buy snacks."

He was asking me to give

"Ahh...." I started thinking whether I should join him as I am already quite well versed in cooking...

But this is one way to get some more info about him...

"...alright sure! Sounds fun!"

"I see, I will text you the details later"

This might be fun....I hope.

Is this edible? 

Reads: 4446 | Votes: 228 | Comments: 97

Narrator's POV

Finally some screen time!!! I have been waiting too patiently for this.

A new day and Hayasaka's life goes on, as usual, **4 AM IN THE MORNING!!!.** Let's check her list, shall we? Oh, that's a small list. It just has 3 things in it before school.....

...Work...

"I have cleaned the room and arranged the dining hall. Please seat yourself Lady Kaguya."

"I have set your schedule for today Lady Kaguya."

"I have completed upgrading your phone with *child features* in order

for you to understand it better."

...Work...

"Yes? Hello? I asked for the delivery to be at sharp 8:00 AM. Why is it 10 minutes late? If it's not delivered in the next 2 minutes, the Shinomiya household will revoke their deal with your company."

"Is this a place of gossiping? If so, getting fired is a place for you all. Start cleaning asap. The meetings of the Shinomiya household will take place momentarily"

"Send over this month's financial reports. And bring *2 calculators with you too.*"

AND

...Work...

"Oh it seems I forgot to eat. I will eat later.....Oh is the meeting list ready for today?"

Yawn

"***4 hours*** of sleep huh?... It's fine, nothing a bit of makeup can't fix."

"I have homework!! Oh no!....."

"Hayasaka, the president is textinggg how do I respond!!!!"

".....Later"

As you can see, her days start with nothing but hard work and stress.

Amazing isn't it!!!

Hayasaka's POV

Finally!! I can relax.....shit!!! gotta change and get ready for school.Ahhh!! I forgot to iron my clothes!!!

I ironed them as I heard a beckoning call from the resident's yard. Now what? Walking, well more like running down to the yard I noticed that the car had a cat meowing loudly in it as the driver spoke

"Sorry, Lady Kaguya! The cat is lodged really deep in the engine. Please wait while I arrange for another car."He started explaining the situation to her. It seems though, that she had other plans.

"Don't worry about it, I will just walk to school. I will get late anyways." She spoke with a small smile on her face, a bit more genuine. The driver looked at her in dismay as he tried to use me for assisting her, "At least Hayasaka can go with you."

As trained, I can't say no, can I? "Yes. I don't have any problems with it." But then I saw her wink at me,it seems my Lady wishes otherwise hence I spoke as signalled,"But I have to change first. She might get late because of me, I think she should get going for today."

She smiled at the driver as she spoke,"See! Not a problem at all. Byeeeee~" I could see the sun shining brighter for her today.

Shit! I left my clothes with the iron!!!

I rushed back to find a charred shirt awaiting me. Just great. Now what? I took out the only extra pair of school clothes I brought. It should work for today but I will have to buy another shirt. *I wish the sun shined brighter for me.....*

I quickly changed up in front of the mirror as I decked up in my typical gyaru getup having the school uniform tied a certain way and the necessary accessories. Wait something's not right here, oh I forgot my smile. Thinking so I tried grinning but I was really tired of showing any emotion other than a monotone one. Once I reach school, I will fix it in the washroom.

I checked my silver watch, it was 7:30 am. The class starts at 8 am, I still have time.I grabbed a graniola bar from the fridge and walked outside to find the cat on the ground, purring. I went up to it and started petting it, I just love animals. Reason? ***They love you back.***

"Hayasaka, should I drop you off today? After all, Lady Kaguya didn't take the car."The driver spoke up. I knew him just like the rest of the employees and he had always been a bit more of a caring personality.

"I am fine, I shall walk there. Thank you for the offer."I gave him a nod and just before leaving, he shoved another graniola bar in my hands and said, "Eat up. By now the whole household staff knows how you skip breakfast."

"Oh, thank you." I gave my regards and started walking towards the

school. I hope I am not late.

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

Ayanokouji's POV

"That graniola bar looks appetising." I tried my level best to start a conversation with the blonde-haired maiden, Hayasaka. But it seems the result was different, as instead of a hi. I received a backhand blow. I immediately dodged it...

That was close

She jumped back as she finally saw it was me, her body language immediately switched from one of guard to the gyaru one that we are habituated to. Her eyes had widened but she quickly adjusted to my presence. She spoke in a heavy sigh,"Oh! It's just you. Stop scaring me like that."

All I id was find her on the street staring at Shinomiya and talking to a kid while eating a graniola bar. The reason why I had to talk to her in the first place, was because of the cooking classes, we were supposed to attend. It seems I had upset her in a way, hence I walked closer to her and apologised.

"I apologise for the sudden disturbance I caused. I hope you have a fine day." Saying so I started walking away, towards school as I felt a hand grab the ends of my coat. I looked at Hayasaka as she let go and spoke, "Heyyy, so like, we are going to that cooking thing today right. You did text me last night."

It seems she remembers, it did save me some explanation and awkward instance which would have taken place otherwise. Her azure eyes stared at me for a while as I tried to formulate a response,"That was the primary reason I decided to converse with you. If you are busy staring at Shinomiya, please go ahead I have no issues whatsoever. We can always *postpone* or talk about it after class."

She quickly stopped me from going any further with my words as she grinned,"Ohhh, I wasn't exactly staring, more like I was impressed by how kind our Vice President is. And let's just talk while walking to class, it will make the walk much less boring heh～"

I nodded as we both started walking on that deserted street, the work hours had already started for most hence it was just us.I tried making small talk once again as I spoke the most powerful words possible to start a conversation. I have prepared for this,

"**How's the weather?**"

She stopped, is she that impressed? It seems that the book I brought from the ***pawn shop*** the other day did prove useful.

Narrator's POV

GODDAMMIT!! AYANOKOUJI!! WHYYYYYYYYY????

Why did you start with this?? He could have chosen from a myriad of topics to begin with but he had to go with that, just great.

'*What? Did he really ask me that? How much of a socially inept being can you be Ayanokouji but I understand since I was the same not long ago*.'

Hayasaka seems to be quite accepting of that fact. There is a reason behind it, she had **spent months** meticulously planning out her gyaru persona. It was **no easy feat** for such an introverted and bored person to act like an extroverted gyaru. Gotta give her props for that!!

"Hehe~You really don't know a good conversation starter do ya? I was waiting to hear something cliche but you went absolutely above and beyond. Congrats, Mr Weatherman!!!"

It seems Ayanokouji just accepted that shade, wow talk about low self-esteem. Okay, I might be exaggerating. He nodded as he calmly spoke without being affected by that comment,"I didn't have much expertise in that. I generally am on the quieter side of the spectrum."

"It's fine, dont'cha worry about it. This school will change that, it changed me after all. I meant like I was a bit weirder in middle school, over here I learnt to be more chiller, y'know." She smiled in reassurance as she kept talking, "Hey, do you often come from this path? I haven't ever seen you in this way."

As they walked he explained,"I generally do take the other pathway but it was closed off due to construction and since this is the only other pathway near me, I tried this way today. Albeit I was *scared* of getting lost."

Scared?? Him? If he is scared, *then I am a reliable narrator.*

"Psssshhh~you are funny, especially with that blandness. I like it. So we are going to the cooking class, right after school ends right? I will be busy after a while though I think."

'*I have no intention to give him my whole day for a single cooking class, so just as a precaution, I added a time limit. Today I completed all my work ahead of time too. This better be worth it.*'

"It won't take long. According to the booking, it's every Friday for a month, today is the sample class. If we don't enjoy it, we can simply get the money back." He explained the details as they finally reached school.

"We will meet her after class, 'kay?" She spoke as she pointed outside the gate, while Ayanokouji nodded.

Oh boy, this will be fun!!

MWAHAAHAHAHA.....sorry, **wrong fanfic.**

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

= = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = = =

Narrator's POV

Finally, school ended and today was surprisingly normal for Ayanokouji, that's abnormal. On the other end of the spectrum, was Hayasaka whose sun wasn't shining one bit. She almost had broken her facade to Ayanokouji on accident today and was overthinking this cooking class the whole day.

'*Why didn't I notice him? Did I lose my reflexes? Or was it because I was exhausted? How did he even* ***evade my attacks so smoothly*** *without a single reaction of surprise? Ahh, this boy just keeps getting weirder. He even caught me staring at Lady Kaguya, when I was wondering whether to assist her, as her maid. Will this cooking thing also turn into a headache? Only time will tell.*'

"Heyyaa!! Sorry I was late! My bangs are such a bother at times and difficult as hell to maintain. Let's goo." She spoke in that same manufactured joy she had kept up through the day. She really was trying her best to not let her **sour mood** affect this. After all, this was the first time, she was able to manage time to hang out with other people of her age.

"Hello Hayasaka, I can see why it took so long. Your hair looks lovely, your bangs remind me of *curtains opening up to an eye-catching play*.." Ayanokouji saw that she had been tidying up her appearance as her bangs parted right between her eyes, not too cringe of an analogy. Well done **Weatherman!**

A small hit of red brushed her cheeks as she smiled,"Ohh! Getting good at this, huh. Decent enough I suppose. Let's hurry along. We don't wanna be late. We are walking right?" While she was tired, she didn't want to waste money on a train or bus ride.

Ayanokouji spoke up, "Do you know how to use roller skates?" A strange question for Hayasaka but she answered truthfully, "Ahha! I learnt it from my ***mom***...." Her voice dropped a few octaves at

that. Let's just not get into that, it's a whole another box that I as the narrator, ain't explaining.

"Very well then, there was a shop nearby. I can rent them out, do you wish to use them as well?" Ayanokouji locked on his roller skates as he dumped his school shoes in a bag. Hayasaka simply wondered about the strange yet intriguing quirks of the boy. But she decided to follow along anyway, "Sure! Sounds fun."

After renting out a pair she also dropped her shoes in that bag as they skidded through the area to the cooking venue. It was surely something new for Hayasaka as she pondered while skating,

'Huh, it feels so good. Considering the school uniform it would be unwise to use a cycle. Trains and buses are busy at this time and need money. Was this thought it? If that's the case, I am impressed. Woah! Mom, see I am skating again!'

She said that as she took a final turn and felt the cool evening breeze on her skin. Ayanokouji seemed to be having fun? Is moving in the same pattern without a margin of error while skating fun? It probably is.

The venue was not a huge one and quite a few students from their school were attending it. It was, after all, a school-affiliated class. As they both sat down in anticipation, the teacher arrived. It was a man with a razor-sharp look on his face as he ordered everyone,

"15 seconds, get to your designated areas. And the newbies, go to station number 3." His cold hard tone always sent shivers down the

class's spine. After all, he was the Legume Magician!

Chef Kojiro Shinomiya, the world-renowned chef who had taken the world by storm with his French cuisine marking absolute perfection. He had come to this class, to find the next prodigy of cooking, the next legume magician. After all, this school was supposed to grow the future elites of the world.

'*I only came for a month and already a week has passed. This class is hopeless, I will have to go to Totsuki Academy after this. Only a few are actually serious about this and for some goddamm reason, these two brats have joined the fray.*'

After sharing the basic instructions

"Cook up anything you newbies want but it must satiate my palate. And the rest, copy my cuisine, exactly."

I waited expectantly for an hour, as I was served their dish. I asked even before looking at their dish.

"Is this edible?"

The boy in that black coat said

"Découvrez-le vous-même"

(Find it out yourself)

HAH!!! Frenchhhh!!~

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATT- WAIT A SECOND,

I MEANT

THE BEGINNING OF TODAY'S WAR:

AYANOKOUJI & HAYASAKA

VS

THE LEGUME MAGICIAN

LET'S BEGIN

AUTHOR'S NOTES----

Dear Readers,

This a slight crossover with the food wars chefs. A surprise, hopefully, it's an enjoyable one. And I guess this is a part where things start getting a bit dark and yet strangely hopeful.

Thank you for reading, vote if you liked it. And also, do check out my other books-

1. Fakekouji

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo

Have a great day ahead!

Thank you.

Was this a win?

Reads: 4220 | Votes: 219 | Comments: 96

(A/N: I just had to learn cooking all over again for this chapter, hope it was worth it. Oh and this might be useful to all the home cooks and hungry late-nighters out there. Pay close attention**.)**

Chef Kojiro's POV

"Co*ky are we?I will let your food do the talking, if it can't I will silence you and your teammate up." My voice was sharp as my blade. Straight to the point, cruel? **I don't care.**

To show a glimpse of students' cut-throat competition in the cooking world. The stark contrast to the well-known fields like doctors or engineers and civil services where competition barely scratch the hell the chefs of this world have to face. After all, they don't have a specific exam and the seats are already sparse, weeding out all above-average and only nurturing geniuses of this craft. I am ready to be the devil himself, to rip open the truth of my craft.

That boy with the black coat put his fingers right to that girl's lips a centimetre away from touching it and taking up a spoon with his other, ushered me to take a bite, as he accepted my challenge head-on. I glared at him as I do with all the new fodder, all of them,

shiver in my sight. After all, they lack confidence in their food. And if you lose confidence in your creation, it's trash not worth trying. Again, another one of his nonchalant gazes shot back at me, fair enough.

Confidence is a check.

He lifted the lid of the tray, and it was all empty, except a small sandwich in the middle of it. Is that all they have? I decided to ask,"Did you both create different phases of the dish?"This time the girl spoke up ignoring the gesture the boy did to her a moment ago,"Sir this is the only dish we have.Is there a problem? I apologise if so, he is almost completely inexperienced and I dabble only in the basics."

Minimalistic are we? Very well then. I looked at them one last time and at the dish. All of them had one thing common in them, ***it all looked so average.***

I spread the buns glistening brown under the light above. A perfectly buttered, pretty smart way to enhance the taste of a regular dish. It revealed a.....perfectly shaped poached egg.

My eyebrows scrunched in disbelief as my eyes immediately shot up to them, as I looked at them with a questioning gaze," Are you both from high-end well-off families or have visited any of the top end hotels?"

"No."

Came a voice from an expression blander than an overcooked yolk. And next came a voice with a gasp glancing at me, "Well, I might have.....Ayanokouji I will tell you later okie?"

He nodded as they turned back at me.

Moving on, I find it intriguing, I suppose, he could have learnt the skillsets from videos and such. But to be able to cast out this upon the first try.....that's not utterly terrible. After all, eggs are the metric system to judge good chefs from bad ones, since they are easily distinguishable.

"Hey you two, weren't those eggs over 2 days old. How did you get this consistency with it?"

"Using a strainer we removed all that loose egg white." That girl answered with pride in her voice.

"It was you who suggested it, am I right?" I asked once again to find a nod from her and a quick glance at that boy. A smart move, I have to agree. Usually old eggs lose their egg white as it degrades into a liquid, making it impossible to make a perfect poach. Most homecooks often don't realise this and make a mediocre poach.

Upon **straining** out the liquid white, it leaves a consistent layer of egg white which gives firmer protection to the yolk, essential for a good egg poach.

Interesting...

"Hey Ayanokouji right? Tell me, how did you heat the water? What was your metrics for it?" I smirked and asked. This will be slightly intriguing.

"I simply waited for the water to be hot enough, for a few bubbles to appear at the bottom..."

He spoke in a bored voice as I cut him off

"Making sure that **no bubbles appear at the top**...right? Not bad."

Allowing water to overheat is a disaster in a perfect poach, if you want a mediocre one, go ahead with the norm...but with perfection, care about the temperature is essential. I took a bite....

And it tasted.....

Not bad at all....

It was almost perfect....

How is this possible with cooks with barely any experience at all???

"You girl, how much vinegar did you use? and what's your name again?" I questioned and got a quick response, "**2 spoons of Apple cider vinegar**. And It's Hayasaka" Another good choice.

This questioning and quick response show the perfect benchmark for a student. Why are only these two decent enough though.....

"All your answers so far have been mildly satisfactory, now you Ayanokouji, answer the next question. How did you get that poach shape?" His answer would mark **a very important step** in this process.

"I **stirred the hot water** until I made a **water vortex** and added the egg into it, the egg white curled around the egg yolk giving it the desired shape and waited for approximately **3 minutes**."

I spoke up,"I usually enjoy it a bit firmer, so crank it up to a **3 minutes 30 seconds** next time. Otherwise it's decent for a beginner. Let's say I am mildly impressed by you two. So I will ask once and only once, do you have a passion for cooking?"

"No" Both simultaneously said as they shut me down completely.

"Fair enough, then I won't be making any offers...and you, c*cky brats actually are decent enough, at least better than the others here." Seeing them not interested did cost me some precious time but alas, if they aren't passionate, no matter how much potential they have. It's not worth teaching them, especially when they rejected my offer with such certainty.

"So will we learn something?" That boy asked a question leaving me pondering. Their poach was almost perfect at least by recipe. But....

"Hmm, this is the one and only lesson I will give, so listen well both of you. Your dishes lack creativity. While, Ayanokouji has the techniques perfected and Hayasaka has the experience of a cook which created a good enough synergy and presented this dish. It lacked.....a human touch to it. A robot programmed to cook a poached egg, would do the same. Honestly in 20 years, you both will be replaceable, if you ever did take cooking as your passions. That's all." Ending my sentence I pointed to the exit as I heard their footsteps fading away.

Ayanokouji.....and.....Hayasaka

An Interesting pair indeed.

Narrator's POV

Well that was something to behold but it's clear ladies and gentlemen,

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI AND HAYASAKA LEARNT SOMETHING!!!

BOOM SHAKALAKA!!!!

Wondering why am I so happy? Well, I think a peek into Hayasaka's mind will provide a better picture.

'*THAT.....was amazinggg!!!!! ABSOLUTELY AMAZINGGG!!!!!There was actually something I learnt!*'

Let's rewind back time on this beautiful starry night to about an hour earlier.

Also, romanticised words aside, I can finally go on a date with flashback chan!!! Did I bath today?.....

I did....didn't I?

Flashback~

"Well, this is indeed something different from what I had intended." Ayanokouji spoke in this present challenge on his quest for some quality time with Hayasaka.

"Omigawd, Ayanokouji, I didn't realise you would take me to a food cook-off. Strange but.....not a bad choice of places to be." Hayasaka didn't at all expect this either, all she had thought off was a basic cooking class teaching how to use a spatula and how to pour oil into a pan without *running away in fear like a baby*.....

TOTALLLLYYYY NOT ME……

But I would be willing to take notes.

"I didn't-" Ayanokouji tried explaining that he didn't plan this but he was quickly cut off by the start of the timer.

30 MINUTES

THAT'S ALL THEY GET!!!

"Enough chit-chat let's cook noooo. Come on!!" Hayasaka has always been one of the more competitive types, that's what drove her to be the defacto leader of Shinomiya Maids Association. She was the best of the best, only because **she loved the rush of competitons.**

In her own words,

"***When the time is ticking...***

My heart races so do my mind...

The slight feeling of joy in my mundane world is that of a win.....

Maybe because I like, looking down on others...Maybe not...

But I don't mind losing, as seeing their faces, after snatching a win...

Is equally satisfying..."

Oh I forgot to mention.....Hayasaka is crazy.....well, not exactly. After all, anyone would act the same, if all they ever had even remotely exciting...was the sense of competing.

" What do you suggest Chef~ Ayanokouji?" She took out a pan and knocked on it asking him with a bright smile.

"How about poached egg toast." That's a really bland choice.....even I can make that!!!

"Isn't it a bit boring?" She had the same question in her mind to which Ayanokouji replied...

"No, after all, eggs are often the hardest things to cook. Since it has only one right way and a million wrong ways to be cooked." Well, he has a point.

"Ohh, so you want to make the basics shine out, not a bad suggestion...hmmm...." Hayasaka pondered over the suggestion.

'He isn't wrong at all. I have seen so many overcooked eggs disastrously made by the maids. The other day, the hard-boiled yolk was just horribly grainy and dry. To make the perfect egg, the techniques and the steps used aren't quite well known to me either....I suppose, it would be fun to give it a go.'

"....Sure let's do it!!!" Then started a synergy which was a sight to

see, there was Ayanokouji narrating out the recipe by heart as he and Hayasaka distributed the work. Not to mention the techniques used.....

"Hayasaka look.....a tornado." He said while pointing at the water, that he was playing with for the last 20 seconds. She giggled a bit as she strained the egg and said, "Wow, cool indeed...and?" She raised her eyes in question.

"Add the egg to it, it will help with the shape."

"Really??? I didn't know that, umm....are you sure?"

He looked at her, and sighed, "Trust me." Upon hearing the confidence in his voice Hayasaka gently placed the egg in the vessel....

WOAHHH

WATER TORNADO EGGG!!

Cough....uhh

I meant, the poached egg looks absolutely exquisite!!

"Damm, that's pretty cool to know Ayanokouji. Did you even memorise the techniques? Kinda strange dontc'ha think? Being able to memorise recipes perfectly and not being able to memorise the Periodic table." Ohhh, an interesting observation by Hayasaka.

"I was taught that as a child, I suppose it stuck to me. Unlike your aforementioned periodic table." He answered as he kept staring at her.

She tilted her head in question,"Is something wrong?"

He pulled out a tissue and gave it to her. Given her confusion, he sighed and grabbed her hand and wiped her cheek off.

"I didn't want to touch your face without consent. I apologise if I made things awkward, but there was an oil stain on your face." He explained himself and Hayasaka finally understood what he meant. She found his awkward nature slightly amusing but decided not to tease him.

'This is……quite…..fun….thank you.'

"Hey Ayanokouji…..thanks for being a gentleman~"

OHHHHHHHH…….he is fully set….now it's my turn….hey..

Wait a second...

WHERE DID FLASHBACK-CHAN GOOOO!!!!!!!!

Flashback ends

"Chef Kojiro gave some really cool insights, thank god I went with

you." She smiled at him as they both reached the school stop

"The feeling's mutual it was really enjoyable Hayasaka. Do you want to partake in such events again?" Ayanokouji questioned her as their day came to an end

"Hmmmm.....Uhh....." Here came Hayasaka's hurdle, if she wanted to hang out with him. Her entire day of freedom would be taken as exchange and after the whole day of school and an entire week of work this left her tired.....

What would she do?

Her decision gave fruit to Ayanokouji's troubless

Will he win this game.....

"Alright....."

WOO---

"But, only once every 2 weeks I am free, otherwise the whole week just go by shopping and stuff. Y'know right, how it is for us gals....Uh, it's fine though, if you don't want to spend time with me, since I am too busy, no pressure!!!"

She knew she would be rejected as she went back to her nonchalant and saddened state of mind.

'Well....at least.....just one day.....it was....fun.....I hoped it would last.....I would have something to look forward to.....but....'

"Sounds perfect....and one last thing....." Ayanokouji let out his hand as he spoke the final words

"Friends?"

.

.

.

An offer from him

"100 percent!"

.

.

.

An acceptance from her.

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

THEY BOTH WIN!

A new friendship is born

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Dear Readers,

Sooo...here is the main question I wanted to ask,

Is this pacing good for their relationship? I am asking since I am generally unaware of romance as such, as I have barely read anything other than Romeo and Juliet.

So I am out of touch.

And writing love stories, is really hard at times

Since there is the risk of being too cheezy

OR

Cringy.

Soooo....share your thoughts??

Do like and share if you enjoyed reading this!

Have a great day!

Do read my other books if you are interested in my work:

1. Fakekouji(Updated)

2.Shinzou wo Sasageyou Ayanokouji (Updated)

Thank you

CRACKS

Reads: 3843 | Votes: 209 | Comments: 145

NARRATOR'S POV

YOSHHHH!! I AM BACKKK!!!

I know, my fans missed me but I am here. WOOWZZAAAA IT'S GOOD TO BE BACKKKKK!!!

So, after they got hot and bothered under the starry night sky. Hayasaka reached her home and was absolutely ecstatic!! After all, why wouldn't she be? It's been forever since she has ever gone out!

BANGGG

The door slammed shut as she rushed over to Shinomiya's room. She really wanted to share her day with Shinomiya, after all, **she was the closest to her**.

"LADY KAGUYA!!!" She spoke and to it's response came to a lost gaze from Kaguya eying her phone.

"HAYASAKKKKAAAA THE PRESIDENTTTTTTT~" and that's how the whole night went with Hayasaka not being able to share her day. It seems Hayasaka forgot her status as Shinomiya's servant. After helping her out, Hayasaka went back to her room and plopped down on her silken bed.

It felt warmer today

"Huh, I didn't take off my head ribbon." She walked over to the mirror mulling over it. She stared at her reflection for a while as she said, "I look.....happier. Thank you Ayanokouji."

She was right, her eyes strayed to that lighter face she adorns, unlike the usual stoic face. She spoke out loud, "I wonder...will his face also have a crack like mine did."

She dropped on the bed as she went into blissful sleep.

How adorable~

Nah, not really...it was simply her exhaustion from the entire day of hustle-bustle which caused her face to relax.

Or maybe, I am just an unreliable narrator.

MOVING ON~!

Timeskip

"Hey Ayanokouji, I heard you went out with Hayasaka yesterday? I didn't realise you guys would ever click." came a voice causing a crashing silence to flood the classroom's noises. It was none other than Hinokuchi who popped up to Ayanokouji barraging him with questions. But he simply nodded causing an uproar of various emotions. After all, who would imagine a silent boy going on an outing with a girl of such extroverted nature? It's as if yin and yang were paired together, creating this perfect harmony.

"How did you get this information Hinokuchi?"Hayasaka immediately rushed up to her asking for the juicy details.It seems Hayasaka had rushed up too quickly causing Hinokuchi to take a few steps back before responding, "Calm down Hayasaka-chan. It was posted on Pinsta yesterday. But the account was deleted, so can't really say who posted it."

Hayasaka grabbed the phone as she scrolled through it.

= =

Deleted account:

<Pic of them skating>

Like: 100 Dislike:12 Shares: 200

Comments:

Hayasaka can skate??

Woah, isn't that the new transfer student?

Is that him??????

Fufu, it seems he is hiding here

KUKU, not a bad catch monster :))

She...has blonde hair like me

-----------Show more comments-------------

= =

Ayanokouji's POV

Well that wasn't completely unprecedented, after all I saw a

shadowed visage clicking a picture while we were on the way to our destination. I wonder....

I stood up and snatched the phone out of her hands as I scrolled...oh....it seems my old classmates found out. But considering everyone is now selected in different schools, it shouldn't be an issue. It seems I made a slight oversight. It seems she had also noticed the strange comments related to me. Considering the account owner has deleted their account, even if I catch the poster, the picture won't get deleted. Either this poster was a random student or it was someone who wanted to find out something about me as whoever did it can theoretically find out about the commenters and then link them back to me.

Sigh, the troubles of social media.

"It seems, this is a breach of privacy. And it was simply her teaching me how to cook, as I am quite terrible at it. Nothing more."I spoke up trying to clear the misunderstanding that was about to happen.I could see Hayasaka's shock upon this revelation. It seems she was unaware of the person following us.

"Why rollerskates? It seems you both were out doing something quite interesting." Kaguya asked getting up from her seat for the first time and it seems she has this evil glint in her eyes. Hayasaka took the bullet for me as she replied, "Ohh ya know what, I just really didn't feel like walking up to the cooking centre. So I simply asked him to skate there with me and Suruga...didn't I tell you once, **I loved rollerskating**." Her voice was absolutely monotone quite contrasting to her usual joyful act.It was quite a shock to the class but it seems she didn't care.

Her mask was dropping.

I wonder, why such an extravagant reaction? She seems desperate in protecting our meeting details. But again...why break her act? Wouldn't it be fine, to jokingly say a no?

Narrator's POV

"Is that so?....Alright then,let's not pry into their lives. Everyone back to your seats.Also, Hayasaka can I talk to you for a minute."Shinomiya ordered,in a cold tone.

Hayasaka nodded and fumed on the inside

'What now? Who posted it!! I wanted this to be private....Why???Did I really lose focus and didn't notice the perpetrator?'

After they left the room and stood in the hallway Hayasaka spoke up,"What happened Shinomiya? Ya, want'cha talk?"She had put her mask back on, waiting for Shinomiya's response.

"Why didn't you tell me, you were getting so close to your target? And...aren't you having too much fun with him? " Shinomiya

wanted answers, after all, this was the first time she saw Hayasaka distracted.

It was very uncharacteristic of her.

"I have simply followed my orders. Nothing more and nothing less." Hayasaka's mask was torn again, she was being played with. In just a day, her mind was in unrest, she wasn't used to this. She had to adapt, **right now.**

Kaguya smiled again, "Much better, I hope this maintains. Next time, even if I am talking to the president, tell me every single interaction with him. " She headed towards the council room after uttering those orders. While her actions might seem ruthless, they had a reason.

'*Sorry Hayasaka, this is for the better. Until I get complete information about him. I can't let you get close to him, I have to make sure he is not a threat, to us or to this school. This is my duty as your friend and as your lady.*'

Thinking so, she pulled out her as she scrolled through the comments...

'Once again,I am sorry for taking this picture. But....now, I can unravel who this boy is.'

It was her, all along....

Well, wasn't that cruel?

Shinomiya has been ingrained with the power of information through her family's status, hence Ayanokouji was clearly an anomaly she wasn't willing to risk Hayasaka with but unfortunately, it wasn't what Hayasaka wanted. Shinomiya truly has no bounds and a **dead moral compass**.

'I am doing just as you told. So..why can't I...have fun....once in a while? I will never forgive the person who posted that..picture.But at least now I am glad, I didn't share anything with Lady Kaguya yesterday.i can never catch a break.....why?'

Silently she went back to the classroom giving a smile to her friends and putting back her mask....**again**.

"Sorry gals, I just got so pissed since it wasn't really anything that major and peeps were hyping it up."She giggled going back to her old state, bringing the class back on its haunches. They accepted it just like that, after all, her acting was just that good.

Truly unfortunate...

Sigh...

RESULTS OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

Hayasaka loses her trust.

Ayanokouji's POV

While her smile is enchanting, her eyes tell a different story. It seems Shinomiya has done something. I will simply have to wait and watch her next move. After all, I know, Shinomiya is after me. Should I have said something? I should have...but...It's better to hide my cards for a while. After all, ***Hayasaka is simply a classmate.***

= =

= =

I stepped outside, after the last class to take a breath when classes ended.

THUMP

THUMP

Is something happening in the sports room?I decided to take a peek, since I had free time with me. Oh...it's...the President.

"Hello."I spoke, letting him know my presence as I entered the dark room with the smell of sweat and rubber entangling it.

THWAP

He fell headfirst to the ground. It seems I broke his focus. He gasped at my presence as he shoved the ball behind him and said, "DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?!!"

"If you mean, watching you fail with the balls, then it's a yes," I spoke the truth causing him to look away in embarrassment.It seems, he has been practising for the school's upcoming interschool match.

"Look, I was just acting.....who am I kidding, I suck at volleyball. I asked Fujiwara to teach me, so I was just training. BUT I CAN'T GET IT RIGHT." He sighed in despair. Did this match really mean that much to him? If he couldn't do it, why didn't he hand it over to someone more capable?

"Are you doing it properly?" I queried, as it piqued my interest.

"Yes, I memorised everything and I am perfecting my technique as well. But still, the moment I am trying to hit the ball, a jolt seeps down my spine." He grabbed the ball close to his chest. I decided to lend him a hand. This shouldn't take too long.

I went up to the opposite side of the net and grabbed another ball, shooting it right at him

THWACK

"OWW, THAT HURT AYANOKOUJI!" He got up and looked behind to find my nonchalant face ready with another ball. I shot another one at him

THWACK

"How does it feel to be a pathetic president, who can't even serve?" I spoke up for him to hear, as I shot another ball on his now bruised hands, which tried desperately to block or counter them.

THWACK

"Shouldn't you be perfect?Shuchin Academy's president really isn't as amazing as he is supposed to be." His eyes seemed to be in pain as I shot another ball at him.

THWACK

"You don't deserve to be in the volleyball team, you will drag

everyone down PRESIDENT."

This should do the trick, I shot the last ball on the side of my court.

SWOOSH

"THAT'S NOT TRUE!I MAY NOT BE PERFECT BUT I SURE AS HELL GIVE IT MY ALL."

He shouted as he caught it....perfect. He had an inferiority complex which probably had surged from his financial status. He always worked extremely hard to prove his worth, I can relate to his hard work...yet, our ideologies differ. Shirogane is kind and truly wants to improve and protect his school's reputation. I felt absolutely nothing, on the other hand.

No wonder, I felt slight reliability to him, just like I felt with Manabu back then.

I walked up to him and spoke, "That is the point, you were scared of disappointing others. All that truly ever matters, is to give it your all. And I talking to **Miyuki Shirogane**...not the President. The world isn't as cruel as you think, to put you on a **perfect pedestal**.

But, it does put you on the **stairs of perfection**."He stood there accepting it all frozen in his spot. It seems he caught on quick to my plan, at least this won't damage our relationship.

I have chased perfection and once I reached it, it's simply a plateau....with no more stairs to climb, completely alone.

"HEYY!! IS THAT YOU AYANOKOUJI?? PRESIDENT, GET BACK TO TRAINING!!!" It was Fujiwara waving at me as I returned it.

"I will be taking my leave president. Have a good day.....you too, Fujiwara."Saying so I took my leave. Fujiwara shouted a goodbye behind means I gave Shirogane one last look, why did I do it?

He is a vital role model for the school, whose spirit I had crushed a bit as a side-effect on that day. **I simply fixed the broken tool.**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

DEAR READERS,

This chapter laid the groundwork for a shift. As you all know, almost all my books have a dark undertone...well ya, you guessed it. Hope y'all are ready for that arc.

Also if you enjoyed reading, do vote and comment. Also, check out my other books:

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji

Thank you.

Personality

Reads: 3622 | Votes: 215 | Comments: 149

(A/N :This chapter has quite a lot of real-world psychological references, so...umm, hope you find it interesting! **)**

Timeskip--The next day

Narrator's POV

As we all can see, the weather is a bit dark today and the sun isn't shining brightly. A misunderstanding is truly a wretched thing, it often leads to exponential misery. This time, will it be different? Will such socially recluse people, ever have a heart-to-heart? Honestly, even as the narrator. I am failing at my job right now.

Anyways, sorry for going off-topic and let's head back to the world.

Ayanokouji's pale golden eyes, were quite bored and contemplating the current situation Hayasaka was facing as he entered the classroom today morning. Yet, he may have misjudged Hayasaka's capabilities as a brilliant actor. Considering it went to no avail, he walked out of the room, to the student council.

Upon entering the student council hall, he was greeted by the bright smile of Shirogane, who got up from his seat and pulled another chair right in front of him. He ushered Ayanokouji to sit in front of him, rather than on the sofa as he spoke, "Hey, Ayanokouji, I have welcoming news. We won the volleyball tournament and bagged the top scores! Quite amazing isn't it?"

"It is indeed." Saying so he sat down with my laptop facing towards him as the clicking of the keyboards started. The clicking of the keyboards continued for a while as Shirogane's head was cooking up some other plans of his own. He pondered how to get to know Ayanokouji more.

' *Why is it so hard to bring up a conversation with this boy? He is my subordinate and still I am having extreme trouble talking to him as he responds with such ending words. Saying he can't communicate well, is a huge mistake. His words were a catalyst in my progress as a player yesterday. Even if it was unconventional with physical and mental stress at play, giving me bruises...it was all worth it. His words did help a lot. Hence the question begins,* ***what is his personality?*** *Is he simply incapable of small talk? That may be so, hence I took the initiative. But that went to waste. Or maybe it's simply his reclused mannerisms which scream formal and mature, at the age of 16. That makes him incapable of conversing more casually....'*

"Hey Ayanokouji, do you...." Shirogane started speaking as he was rudely interrupted.

KNOCK

It was the entry of none **Yu Ishigami! The only first year and the treasurer of the Sudent Council.**

And just like any new character enters with a bang, Ishigami enters with.....

"I want to quit."

....Nevermind, there are always exceptions. Ishigami then went on about how scared he was of the Vicepresident and was so focused on his rant that he missed the new entry to the squad, the one and only...

"Oh hi, Ayanokouji. A pleasure to meet you."

.....

.....

..

.

Nevermind, I want to die. WHY CAN'T I GET THIS RIGHT???!!!!

Ishigami somehow knew about his existence and acknowledged him in the middle of his rant and my monologue. Ayanokouji returned it in due. "It's a pleasure to meet you.If I am not wrong, we haven't been acquainted before" Exactly my point!!!

"Oh, about that. I updated Ishigami about your presence. And Ishigami....Ayanokouji is our school growth analyser...and Ayanokouji...Ishigami is our treasurer."President introduced both of them after which they both went back to their work. It was perfect for two socially introverted people to collide in the Council room. His rant was cut short as Shinomiya soon entered wearing a cosplay of a killer that Ishigami felt was real followed by Fujiwara's rubber blade sunk into her chest.

Poor Ishigami.

"President, my work is done. May I take my leave?" Ayanokouji interrupted the lively atmosphere asking for his departure. Sigh, he

was always so distant from the rest of the group. While Shirogane tried his best to get closer to him, so did Shinomiya well, she stalked him. Fujiwara on the other hand was chill with him but never had the intention of getting closer to him. It was a strange irony of personalities.

"Ahh....why don't you stay here...for a while...let's together play a game or something. We barely know you Ayanokouji and it's already been a month. Right guys?" He asked others for approval as they unanimously agreed. But it seems Ayanokouji, had something else in mind," President, while I appreciate the offer, would it be acceptable if I could bring a friend into this game. It would help me get comfortable." His request made everyone curious as they wondered who this mystery person was.

' *Ayanokouji made a friend? That's quite good news. I wonder who this person is.As the President, I am glad to see he is starting to fit in.Though I feel a strange sensation, that, it wasn't me. Alas, one day, maybe things will be different if I don't have this strict look on my face.* '

Shirogane was quite happy and slightly jealous of this friend which I am quite certain Shinomiya knows about.

'What is he planning? If it's Hayasaka it might be a problem as from yesterday, I could sense that she is much more reclusive towards me. Or it might be good news, as a game may help me clear things up. Great work president! Now I can know more about Ayanokouji and fix my issues with her as well!'

Bingo!!

'Ohhh!!!Hmm, finally a way to get him to open up. I wonder what we should play?~'

Fujiwara's face lit up with an evil grin planning a wonderful quiz for them. Ishigami on the other hand simply saw it as an opportunity to get to connect with another social freak and computer whiz like him.

' He might be a future brother in arms.'

"Alright, you can bring them in the Council room." President gave him the green light as he nodded and left the vicinity.

Ayanokouji's POV

Time for my plan to begin, this is a golden opportunity indeed. If I can play the cards right, I might be able to gain a much-needed connection. Only if, my social skills don't become a hindrance that is.I went up to the class as I saw Hayasaka talking to her friends about a new movie or something.....Should I ask her? I will probably mess up. Hence I decided to text her

Me

Meet me outside the class.

Hayasaka

K cool, gimme a min

She appeared in front of me immediately as she laid a questioning gaze on me. I sighed and said, "Could you come with me to the Student council room. I am inept at being casual, hence I decided to invite you to a game we are playing."

"Hol' up. You want me to come, so that you can be more comfortable, wow so I am basically a tool..... jkjk"She smiled a bit as she continued speaking, "Is the Vice-president there?"

"Indeed she is." I decided to be honest, to not damage our relationship. Albeit it would be easier if she didn't ask the question. As expected her eyes slightly twitched but she maintained her mask," Kiyotaka, y'know right, what happened yesterday? I really don't wanna get in contact with her if possible."

"I know there might be some issues. Hence, why don't we play for a while, if you aren't interested, I can ask them to stop the game." I offered as she looked at me for a while before sighing,"Won't that be rude? Leaving the game in between."

"Don't worry, it's not anything major. Probably a small talk game or something similar."I spoke to them while Hayasaka smirked as she whispered, " *Small talk...and you...pfft* "

I heard that.

After a quick walk to the Student council, it was time to begin.

Narrator's POV

As expected, there were some surprised stares but they were all readily accepting as they sat down on the sofa. Fujiwara suggested something weird...as usual

"A cage with animals!!!" She quipped getting weird looks from everyone there as she kept speaking ignoring everything

"...when you picture it, how many cute kitty cats are inside? Let's play the psychological game!! This will psychologically test all of

you. Answering this will help us dive into everyone's subconsciousness.Oh also, **thanks Ayanokouji for showing the book to me** ." She spoke dominating the game choice before anyone had a chance to refute and I simply nodded in response.

"Ahh 9?" Shirogane spoke up and a big mistake...

"It means you want 9 kids!!! Wow, that's a lot of babayyyss" She smiled as Shinomiya blushed harder than a tomato.

"So everyone gets it right?" She asked to which everyone nodded.

Ayanokouji's POV

"Next question, In a dark alley as you walk alone, someone taps your shoulder...whooo is ittt???" Fujiwara added a strange sound effect to the end trying her best to enhance the effect. This left as pondering as Shinomiya answered first, "That person would be you Fujiwara."

That was too quick, for ever so careful Shinomiya. Also, Fujiwara seems

to be blushing.

Interesting...

"I-Tt's Shinomiya..." Ishigami answered as he shivered in the corner. While Shirogane answered, "My sister."

Finally, it was our turn, Hayasaka took the lead after giving me a fleeting glance, "Mom! She would probs take me home from this spooky place."

It seems, this question is directed to someone who is connected to us, in some level. I wonder...how

I closed my eyes imagining the situation....and found the true answer and said it out loud," **Nobody** . Sorry, I can't think of anyone at all unless it's someone trying to harm me."

Fujiwara stuttered a bit and spoke with slight hesitation, "It's supposed to be the person you love."

Hearing that came a myriad of reactions with Ishigami leaving traumatised. But before anyone could say anything about my answer, I noticed an odd sense of longing from Hayasaka while Shinomiya peered at her. I suppose she has mother issues.

I sighed as Hayasaka got up from her seat and spoke, "Hey y'all, why don't we do some real tests!! Ohh, lemme google it."

(**A/N:** I don't regret studying the meanings of every single outcome of this test, to try and suit it to the characters.....TOTALLLY NOT ;-; Also every single response, no matter how freaky it seems to you, is legit.Also remember, the Rorschach test is simply a standard measure, not to be taken with 100% certainty. vote for my dead brain cells [JK])

She smirked as she immediately brought up a picture



In came answers one by one of a myriad of responses as Hayasaka went first,

"It's a battleship's reflection in the water with bullet holes!"

Her answer may indicate that she feels **vulnerable** , but despite the injury continues she goes on with life as she best can.A warship is a weapon, a negative response, and therefore this response also

indicates **aggression and frustration** . This clearly depict

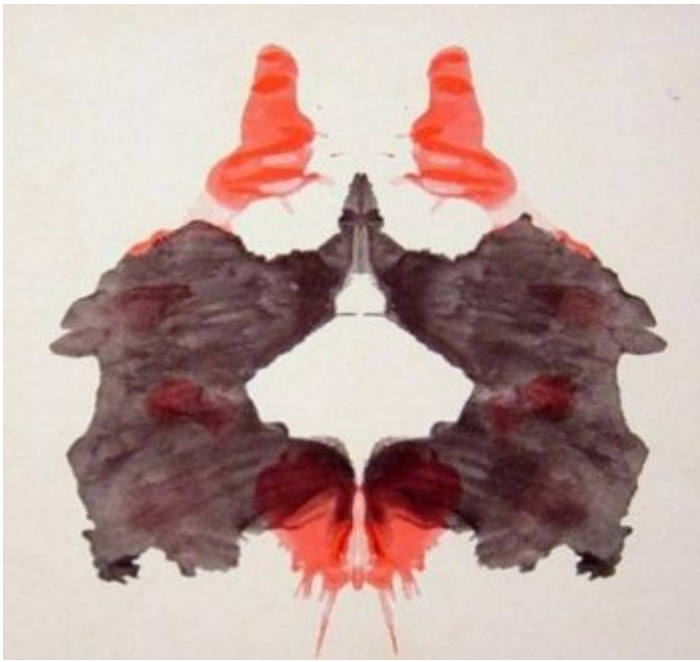
Next came Fujiwara's response, "It's obviously a beautiful angel with wings flying!!"

The interpretation "angel" always indicates **innocence, goodness and purity.** But considering how Fujiwara isn't really an angel, it shows that it's just her perception that blocks the negative ideas of her un-angel like behaviour at times.

These were the unique responses while the common ones were spoken by the other two.

"A bat?" Shinomiya suggested followed by Shirogane saying, "A butterfly." Which were the most natural and appropriate responses to it. I on the other hand responded with, "Two people attacking each other."

"Ahha, alright onto the next one." Hayasaka quickly shifted to another image



"Two clowns" came in Shinomiya's immediate response. If I remember correctly, it means, that she has a **Narcissistic reflection** , a theory proposed by J. Reid Meloy.

I responded with, "A fighter jet in between hills." This was one of the more common responses. While Shirogane went with, "two humans clapping" which was the most appropriate response to this question. Hayasaka spoke her mind as it being, "A smashed insect on the windshield" which will score on **anger and frustration.**

Fujiwara's response was,"GOBLINS HOLDING HANDS!" which again, as strange as it sounds, is an appropriate response.

In came the next image.



Oh this was the mother card...and considering the previous responses it was no surprise Hayasaka went first, "Two women talking to each other while holding a cup?" Oh, so this shows that she does love her mother and has no negative response. *Interesting* ...

"I see an oil lamp" was the response I truly felt, which according to some psychologists scream schizophrenia. While Shinomiya's response was "A little girl, who sees herself in a mirror", is a clear indication of **egocentric narcissism** . And then came Fujiwara, who answered, "Same as Shinomiya, but makeup time!"

Shirogane on the other hand went with,"fighting women" which again is a negative response, suggesting some **bad blood with his mother.**

In came the last image...



"A tower breaking down"I went first this time, as I remembered it's significance."A broken painting?" came in Hayasaka's response as well, it showed similarity to mine and such responses often meant **mental or emotional degradation.**

"Blue crabs or spiders, grey crabs and shrimps, orange fruits, green caterpillars, red sea cucumbers and brown mice." Came in the appropriate response from Fujiwara while Shinomiya responded with,"a glance at amoebas through a microscope." which again passes the test.

This finally ended the quiz with all of us having certain things to mull over. Albeit, none of us was deemed clinically insane. This is why it was essential for me to **lie** .

This was beneficial as I achieved a lot more information than previously anticipated. After all, it was my text to Hayasaka that led to this sudden turn of events upon Fujiwara's last question.

Hayasaka

It's so cringee ngl

Me

Search up *Rorschach Test* it might pique your interest

Hayasaka

 Umm, okie...why don't you do it

Me

I am shy

Hayasaka

□♀□OFC U ARE FINEE YOU OWE ME

Me

I will treat you next time we go out

Hayasaka

😒About that....I hope!.

This was the only way that I could plan, to overcome my social ineptitude with them with sheer knowledge about them. Given my immediate departure forced Shirogane to come up with a ruse for them to stay, and considering Fujiwara was present, it was no hyperbole to assume, a game was going to be played. Now since, I had placed a psychological book with teenage love as the topic in the library for Fujiwara to take the bait, **which she did** , it was the perfect transition to this test. If I tried the other route of talking to them, then it would quite certainly take too long for me to get closer to them...and a certain someone, for whom, I have to do one more task.

Things might get interesting...

AUTHOR'S NOTE ----------

Dear Readers

Hope y'all enjoyed something a bit different! Umm, and maybe learnt something cool?

Do like and comment your thoughts on this, if you enjoyed the chapter. Do read my other books:

1. Fakekouji (To be updated)

2. Shinzou wo sasageyo Ayanokouji (To be updated)

Thank you.

Confrontation

Reads: 3426 | Votes: 202 | Comments: 65

Narrator's POV

After that tedious amount of brain poking, finally, they could relax or could they???

Ladies and Gentlemen, the tension is still high in the air as the sparks of revolt are high in Hayasaka's eyes. She still was quite bummed out from Shinomiya's earlier barrage of questions. The fact that she was here, was just out of respect for Ayanokouji's friendship. Otherwise, adios amigo!

Now it was time for the aftermath, as Hayasaka couldn't take it anymore as there wasn't any game to keep her distracted. Shinomiya on the other hand, was trying to scoot over to Hayasaka but Ayanokouji had other plans as he was blocking her and sitting right next to Hayasaka.

'Ugh!! Ayanokoujiiiiii, why are you sitting next to her?? Come on, give me a chance to talk to her. Pleaseee!!'

Shinomiya was having a temper tantrum inside her head as Hayasaka started to leave,"Hey Ayanokouji, less go back!! Ohh, you know what, I wanted to show you how to use Pinsta!!"

Damm, her excuse used Ayanokouji's lack of social media to escape this uncomfortable situation quite well!

'Ohhh no you don't!!' Shinomiya wasn't about to give up. No matter what, she would definitely try to clear her intentions. After all, if the head maid of the Shinomiya household turned her back on the mistress, it would be a problem. But it seems, her slow monologue took too much time, as Hayasaka pulled away Ayanokouji from there as they walked away closing the door shut.

Ending the game and conversation

~Emotional Damage~

Hayasaka's mainframe was a mess as she was trying her best to forget about it and to not let her mask slip off. Those words stung her, a lot more than they should. Was it because of the fun she had and how Shinomiya tried to cut off her wings? She simply wanted some relaxation from her bothering thoughts. Ayanokouji seemed to have realised her current situation and asked, "Now, how's this thing working?" He peered over to her phone and asked. She was snapped out of her thoughts and immediately started talking about

it.

Ayanokouji's POV

"Soo, did ya getch it?" Hayasaka smiled as she showed me all the strange things of this app. I asked a question in response, "Why would people put so much private information about themselves to the world? Isn't it their loss?"

Her eyebrows raised in response as she sighed,"Not everyone thinks like you Ayanokouji. Some simply want to share their lives the fun moments at least, to the world. But it's not all, roses and petals. Things can definitely go south, if not used with responsibility and being over 18. Mind you, it's a boon and a curse. Now do you understand?" I nodded as I got a slight jist of the intricacies of this world of sharing.

We ended up chatting as we headed to class and she immediately went up to her friends.Upon entering I sat down on the last desk but it seems fate had other plans as the teacher started complaining, "Ayanokouji, pay attention in class. Sit down with Shinomiya, maybe you will get some of her intelligence."

I shoved my bag next to her seat as she gave a nod and went back to writing her notes. Should I simply not mess around and start writing? Probably so. My pen started running my pages as I closed

my eyes while letting my thoughts flee.

I looked towards at Hayasaka for a moment to see her staring pitifully at my condition. Is it really that bad? I turned to see Shinomiya still writing away in her notebook, each letter written with perfection. After classes finished, I started walking away towards my part-time job, as my skates were being fixed after they were badly torn. I wonder how?

Looking back I found, Shinomiya smiling eerily at me as she spoke,"Ayanokouji, do you mind getting some coffee with me?" She reeked of foul intent as she forced her words on me as a command. Unbothered by it, I started walking away, ignoring her. She didn't take that lightly as she spoke, "Sector 3, area 23 Ran-zan Road." which was the accurate address of my workplace

She continued, "I wonder, what might happen if I accidentally file a case against the poor old man in that small shop? Quite unfortunate...right.."

It seems she was desperate to have a conversation with me, going to such lengths. I could probably leak this threat to Shirogane and cause a major rift to their budding relationship. But the question is, would I? Sigh, I am still curious about what she wants to discuss so I would rather play along with her little game.

"Alright, I am listening." I said to which she let out a small smirk as we headed towards the nearest cafe. I felt a small visage behind me but I didn't react. The cafe was a small one, most appropriate to keep away from onlookers. She had preplanned this. Upon ordering a coffee with 5 packets of sugar. I started playing-I mean drinking it and heard her words.

"What were you doing with Hayasaka?" She asked directly not hiding her words. I replied,

"Showing your link with her, is foolhardy isn't it?"

"Not that it matters, since I am certain you know more than you let on, **AYANOKOUJI**

I always thought, that name sounded familiar but after enough digging up, it seems my father did do a 200 million yen deal with your father, about 5 years ago. After that, it was a simple google search. Do you know what I found?..." She sighed as she brought out a few papers.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. No controversy, no allegations. A clear sheet, don't you think that's odd? Considering that your father was capable enough for a deal with the Shinomiya Cloglomerate at a probable young age, seems unlikely without having a single black mark on his name. As if, he was strong enough...to wipe out....everything. That thought sends shivers down my spine. Since you are his son you can see why I don't want Hayasaka to get involved with you." She ended her statement with a small sip from her cappuccino cup.

I thought this through and after mulling over it, I reiterated, "Given the present circumstances you want me to stay away from her until I prove that I am not like my father?"

"Not exactly, albeit it might sound like that. You don't have to show hard proof instead you have to build up the trust of the Council in you. Especially mine, remember Ayanokouji, I handpick Hayasaka's friends. She shouldn't get hurt by any outsider. And that's my hard-set rule. Do you understand?"

"Don't you feel that you are trying to control her too much?"

"Not at all, she already is hurt enough. I don't need another unprecedented threat. And the reason I confronted you directly, is because of a simple fact. **I want to trust you**."

"I see. But can you clarify what you meant by not getting close?"

"She can only be your casual friend, just like the rest. Don't get closer than that, unless she truly wants to. Hope that's clear." She continued with such vague terms but it seems, she is doing it intentionally in order to gauge my consideration of limits in forming bonds.

I moved closer to her, as I whispered.

"I accept it but in return, Hayasaka has to form a closer bond with you."

She returned the favour as if it was a head-on war. Classic Shinomiya.

"What's the catch Ayanokouji?"

"I will take full credit, even if you do all the work"I ended my part as I sat back on my chair waiting for her to speak.

"Sigh, fair enough. It seems you want to create the playing field for you to strike, right after you complete your challenge. Quite crafty of you indeed. Can't say it's unexpected, after the sly stunts you pull in the Council room." She ended her whispering as I spoke in a **loud voice.**

"It seems you kept an eye on me. Am I that much a twisted person?"

"The opposite actually, you have helped everyone so much. You are too perfect of an addition, which creates a suspicion you see." She gave a smile as she took her to leave as the visage outside the cafe jumped out of sight.

The tea grew cold...

It seems I am being tested by her. Interesting enough for me to take part in, this will hone my skills in something that the Whiteroom couldn't teach.

I spoke up as I walked to the side of the cafe walls,

"Curiosity, such a wicked maiden indeed.

Isn't that right Hayasaka?"

Author's Note:----

Dear Readers,

This chapter was more focused on building up the situation and a bit of confrontation, to clearly lay out the groundwork for future relationships. So, any theories of where I am heading with these strange things?

Hope y'all liked the chapter! If you did leave a vote and comment!

Also do read my other books

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Updated)

Thank you

Let the Game Begin!

Reads: 3240 | Votes: 202 | Comments: 64

Hayasaka's POV

Well, that was unexpected. I didn't realise that Ayanokouji's golden eyes had already caught hold of me. Indeed quite strange, in my 10 years as a butler for the Shinomiya household, never was I caught when I tried to gather intel.

Though right now, I am in a real mess. Hearing Shinomiya talk about me like that, in such a controlling manner did skew my previous perspective that she didn't care about me. But it wasn't all so well. After all, her controlling nature did produce a sense of discomfort.

Sigh, from the day Ayanokouji came, it was honestly annoying how extremely devoted she was in order to get information on him. It was quite bothersome, for me to continue tailing him. The amount of failed attempts and the fun time that he let me have, furthermore added to that strange guilt I had residing in me.

Unfortunately, such emotions had no space in my work.

If he could see me now, does that imply, that every time I tried to gather intel on him was simply washed away in vain? Oh god, I need a break. I walked into the cafe while waving my hand at the

waiter speaking, "A cold coffee, please. Extra chocolate." I sat down with my head resting on my chin, as I tilted my head to try and wrap the concept of this boy around my head.

He comes out of nowhere, is able to catch every action of mine like it was laid out in the open. Not just that he also was able to uncover Shinomiya's true nature to me in a jiffy. What was his purpose? I wonder.

He is an anomaly and probably Shinomiya is right about him. But all of it is just probability, not certainty. Hence I can't exactly latch onto such weak thresholds. Rather I have to know more about him, from his own mouth.

I need information, in order to be normal with him. After all, which friend only talks to know their secrets?

~~~~~~

Meanwhile in another city,

"Kushida-chan!! Do you need a Handkerchief? Did you catch a cold?" A random simp spoke.

Who is this brat that's remembering me? Sigh f*ck you ANHS

"Nono, I don't need it." I would rather shove it down your throat "I simply got a light allergy"

~~~~~~

"Hey, Ayanokouji, why did you do that? If you caught me, why not reveal me to her?" I asked as I started sipping on my coffee waiting for a response. He sighed and gave me a glum look and spoke, "I didn't want my friend to be upset. Weren't you at odds with Shinomiya, so I cleared her point of view to you? She simply cares deeply about you."

"Isn't what she doing, called controlling?" I questioned his optimistic view on this rather serious situation. He sighed as he explained his thoughts out loud, "If she controlled you, she would directly force you to stop talking to me. She didn't do that, she simply expressed her wariness toward me. Though she blackmailed me, she didn't try to control you nor did she try to stop you from meeting me in any drastic way.

Her target is my character, she wants basic details about me. Anyone would want that if they cared for a friend. Right now, none of you knows anything about me other than my name and age. I am an unknown entity to all of you." I widened my eyes as he revealed his side of the story and painted Shinomiya's red with pure white.

Quite a way with words.

"Well, would you like to change that? Let us know you a little better?" I used my puppy eyes as I stirred the cold coffee and I heard a cold knuckle tap the hard desk as its owner spoke, "Isn't that my friend's responsibility? Of course, you are allowed to use any method possible. In that way, Shinomiya will get her end of the

deal while we can get closer."

Oh, you want to play that game? Well, two can play that.

"How about a two-way game? You can do the same for me, can't you?" I smirked as I felt I could I give him a good challenge, I have over 5 years' worth of experience under my belt and all he has is his own secrets. He nodded nonchalantly as he said, "I have never lost to someone, even when I go easy on them."

"Oh, I am shivering in my boots. And for your information, I have never given up so please don't go easy on me." I smiled as I put my hand out. He immediately shook on it and spoke, "Who makes the rules and what is the reward for the winner?"

"Of course I do! You made the game and I agreed to it, so I get to make them~ Soo!..." I was rudely interrupted by him as he spoke"Why don't you drop the mask when you speak to me, it would be easier for the both of us." Well, that's a relief...

Sigh, I hope he doesn't regret it.

"Alright, let's get something straight, I will be doing this only when I have scanned the vicinity. Back to the rules.

1. The importance of the secrets will be revealed **honestly** upon hearing. So don't lie okay?

2. If the secret is something that can be found on the internet, it doesn't count. It has to be deduced by conversations only.

3. Every time we discover a secret, we can hand it over to see if they are right and we get 5 points. If not, well sucks to be you, because you lose 1 point.

4. Any method is fine, moral or immoral. Gotta keep things interesting, right?

5. We can total all the points at the end of the school year. So let's be friends until then?

6. The reward...hmm....you can choose what you want, while for me, I just want you to show your skills.I am curious about what you are hiding behind your 50's"

He seemed to agree as he nodded to my demands as he gave his, "Let's talk more from now. And....I want to...." He scribbled something on a piece of tissue as he walked out of the cafeteria

'*Take you out on a date*.'

Oh my, quite forward aren't we? Well, wait a year then Ayanokouji.

Ayanokouji's POV

Seeing no way to say what I needed normally, I penned it down. This was the simplest way to get what I needed from the school in the first place. This situation simply paved way for me to seed this special game into her mind, giving me proper leeway to get more

info about her without arousing suspicion.

If I hadn't done so, I wouldn't have had any chance to talk to her without a particular objective in mind and this gave her even more reason to start fishing for information which gives me more chances to control her. Thank you Shinomiya, your insecurities are simply more opportunities. Though I had to be careful to make sure that her loyalty as a maid of the Shinomiya's remained unscathed. After all, even if she dislikes her ways Hayasaka definitely enjoys her company. I simply would forward their relationship that would in turn increase my virtuousness towards them.

My secrets are hidden deeper than most while she has the most experience with people and emotions. A game with equal stakes, an unlikely one hence an interesting one indeed.

A game of Love indeed. I wonder if you will be the queen or the pawn.

Losing this, would be a tiresome situation.

Unfortunately for her,

I am very lazy

Narrator's POV

Ladies and Gentlemen, the true story will begin now!!

Tighten your seatbelts folks!!

Winner of Today's BATTLE:

AYANOKOUJI WINS!

THE GAME OF LOVE AND SECRETS HAS BEGUN!!!

Author's Note:

Dear Readers

Well, finally the true start of my fic.Did you expect that?

Up until now, it was simply setting up the scene. Hope y'all enjoy the ride!

Do vote and comment if you enjoyed the chapter! And do read my other books:

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Will update)

Thank you!

Mine! and LandMines... 💘

Reads: 3586 | Votes: 197 | Comments: 78

Narrator's POV

Can you smell that?

You can't?

Well, then take a wiff of the current tension spreading in the air as on one hand our man in black beloved mystery student Kiyotaka Ayanokouji. While on the left is our girl in white and capable student Ai Hayasaka.

Grab your popcorns, and take the chocolate caramel ones. **They are bomb!**

"Hey Kiyotaka, do you mind?" Shinomiya pushed off Ayanokouji's seat without waiting for a response and headed to the council room leaving him alone with his bread for the break. This time though,

that seat won't be empty as a blonde hair maiden walks up and asks, "Mind if I sit beside ya?" She gave her winning smile...

I wonder if that can last.

"It's free, go ahead." Thankfully she waited for this response and didn't push him off. But, given the circumstances, this wasn't some ordinary friends chatting and eating together. It was simply, the beginning of a game that Ayanokouji accepted. She took out lunch having a simple egg salad. But it was much more refined compared to Ayanokouji's simple sandwich, which didn't even have peanut butter in it.

She smiled and said, "Do you want some of this? I made it myself." Ayanokouji looked at for a while and looked in the distance as if remembering a traumatic past. But he shrugged and nodded. He munched on it for a while as Hayasaka's smirk slowly increased as she said, "Now, as repayment tell me Ayanokouji, what was your reason to choose this school? Be honest~! You ate my food didn't you?"

His eyes widened as he sighed and ate the rest of the food. He then looked at her expectant eyes and spoke, "It had you in it." Hayasaka was expecting a lot of responses but not this one. He might seem like a stalker to most, but not in her eyes. Since he was her friend, so from her pink specs she simply didn't care for such minute details.

'WHAT? Gosh, I didn't know this wouldn't work well, Agh! Why can't he be honest? I gave him my food. Hmph!'

She pulled her lunch away and walked off with a huff. She kept thinking*, 'Should I go all In? Not yet, until I see his skillset. I should wait.'*

It seems she was simply testing the playing field and Ayanokouji lied his way out of it.....he lied.

Ayanokouji's POV

Why did she huff like that? I said the truth, didn't I? Sigh, It seems I didn't learn from my past. Next time, I have to abstain from the fatal flaw of mine, that is the

Food Trap

She looked dejected while I walked off to the Student council for my daily duties. After about an hour, I was done and looked over to Shinomiya and Shirogane crossing eyes and swords. A regular day by all means.

I put a halt to their battle while piling the papers and dropping them on the table. I announced, "President, here are all the papers regarding the progress of this school for the next month, I will have to council with the treasurer for the financial predictions." Shirogane's eyes shot at me as he cleared his throat and spoke, "Oh, that was quite quick. Usually, it takes at least two weeks. I am quite impressed, so do you have any other plans?"

"Why do you suggest that President?" I asked but Shinomiya replied, "Isn't it obvious? Since you completed everything so quickly, we were curious about your reason. Isn't that right President?"

"Yes, you are right Shinomiya. So, Ayanokouji, do you have any plans?" their swords were crossed on my throat as they looked at me with expectant eyes. I replied revealing some information, "I don't have any major plans. But I do have work and groceries to buy."

Shinomiya asked with curiosity, "Say Ayanokouji, do you have any plans for the upcoming exams? Getting another 50 I imagine?" Her piercing eyes stabbed me. It seemed it piqued Shirogane's curiosity as he looked at me. I simply said, "I try my best, hence this is what I get." Considering that they can't disprove such a bland statement, they sheathed their swords saving me from their blades of the highest prying nature. I finally spoke deciding to get at the focal point of this unnecessary banter, "Is there any purpose for such queries regarding my routine?"

"Oh, well it's nothing major. Just that Shinomiya and my sister were going out same with I and Ishigami, so we were wondering if you would join us Ayanokouji." Shirogane put forward an interesting proposal that Shinomiya seemed to enjoy quite a bit as her grin was escaping her perfectly calm face. She also added, "Isn't that wonderful Ayanokouji? It would be a wonderful time for them to get to ***know you.***"

"Alright then. It seems I will be going along." I agreed as I felt her smile widen and I may have fallen into a trap.

Flashback

Shinomiya's POV

I might have been a bit harsh with Ayanokouji, but...I had to. It was simple, I had to confirm if he was trustworthy.

Ring

"Come in!" I spoke as I went on my daily hunt for clues about him and kept my LINE open for President's messages. It was Hayasaka, is she still offended by my comment? I can hardly tell with her straight face. Sigh, these two share too many similarities.

"Shinomiya, can we talk?" I nodded and we sat down on my bed. I spoke up, "Listen I am sorry-"

"No, don't worry about it. I might have overheard your conversation with our target." She spoke without any life in her voice as she revealed that she peeked at us. Did she...

"How much did you hear Hayasaka?" I asked as I tensed up a bit.

"Not much, just that you didn't mean to harm me with your words, rest of it, Ayanokouji explained how you were looking out for me.

Sorry, I simply was keeping an eye on him and you came into the equation suddenly." I was quite shocked that he decided to take my side, was this his ploy of some kind?

If so, what was his objective in trying to paint me in a positive light? Won't it be direct to simply crush my image in her eyes and get closer to her, deepening their friendship? Or maybe he is simply a nice guy, which he has been displaying all this while and not once proving otherwise? Then why is everything so hidden about him? I don't even know if he even went to middle school or not!?

"Shinomiya, let's just move on from this shall we?" She offered a diplomatic release from this miscommunication which I grabbed on immediately. I gratefully spoke up, "Definitely! Also, I really didn't mean to hurt you with what I had said, so I apologise formally to you."

I got up and bowed to her, which is quite undignified for a Shinomiya but it was necessary in this situation. Hayasaka sprang up to her feet as she flailed her arms widely, "Miss Shinomiya, please don't tarnish your honour. I beg you to lift your head. But I wanted to know, how did you have this sudden change in mannerisms." It seems she is curious and as the deal suggested,

"**Ayanokouji did it**."

~~~~~~

Meanwhile

"Nii-san where are you going...."

Sneezes loudly
~~~~~~

"...someone is remembering me?"

~~~~~~

"I see, alright then. I really need a favour then." Hayasaka twirled her hair as she looked sideways, what did she need so suddenly?

"Alright, I can hear you out. What is it Hayasaka?" I implored her to reveal more information.

"Well, you know right to complete our search on him we have to get to know him more! What better way is it than a boys night out!"She suggested while raising her finger.

That wasn't a terrible plan persay...no wait, that was a marvellous one. If I can get the president to reveal some of his secrets out loud as well, when they are having fun I can use it against him to get him to confess his undying love for me!! I started pumping my fist into the air Hayasaka looked at me strangely.

"What happened Hayasaka?"

"I didn't know you would be that happy to know his secrets..." She eyed me suspiciously as I started feeling hot....well this was a strange situation to explain.

"Nothing much Hayasaka, now I simply need to figure out how to get Ayanokouji to attend this thing."

"Oh don't worry about it, I will simply make up a basic plan as bait
~~~~~~

and make him think that's all I got. After that, you can implant the idea of this outing in their heads. Does that sound good?" She seemed to be really confident as she spoke out her entire scheme, which honestly seemed quite well planned.

The next day was an uneventful one as I first began by being rude to Ayanokouji as he sat there completely unbothersome, sigh sorry Ayanokouji but Hayasaka is at fault here. I had to appear as antagonistically as possible. I needed his eyes only on me. Later on I finally reached the Student Council and gave the President some tea as I watched his handsome glare soften upon sipping it.

"Excellent tea as always Shinomiya!"

"Oh thank you, president!~" I spoke giving him a bright smile as always.

Time to begin!!

Narrator's POV

I AM BACK AGAIN REPORTING LIVEE!!!

REFILL YOUR POPCORNSS!!

"Oh president!!~ Do you have any plans for tomorrow?" Shinomiya went in for the beginning strike as she thought

'If I can do it as early as possible I can simply shift my other activities and get this over with!'

"Just normal work, that's all, why do you ask?" He talked without lifting his head, not because he was calm...quite the opposite actually.

'WHY IS SHE GRINNING!!! Is she plotting something? Trying to get me to confess somehow?'

"Oh I was simply thinking of shopping tomorrow, so I was thinking of what president's plans were. After all, it wouldn't be wise if I left the president alone.....speaking of which, I really need to find someone to come shopping with me." She landed her first blow as she smiled knowing her plan would succeed.

'First things first, let me open up the option and the spot for this plan.'

"Oh, I see, very well then.I might also take leave that day, considering it would be quite difficult to manage the office if Ishigami is working online while Ayanokouji leaves early as usual.....And since you are going alone....." He offered his normal response but inside his head there were many gears moving...

'Wait a sec, I could offer to go with her....but then.....'

Goes into dreamland~~

"Hey, Shinomiya, why don't I come with you shopping."

"Oh, president! Are...you...asking...me on a ....DATE.....OHH~ HOW CUTE"

Wakes up~~

'NOOOOOO!!!!'

It seems Shirogane had another one of his nightmares in broad daylight.

"Take my sister along with you too!! YES, THAT'S RIGHT!!" Shirogane had a Eureka moment, but thankfully this wasn't a bathtub nor was he naked.

"Oh not a bad idea, then I think I should take Fujiwara along since it would be a girl's night out!!Oh, that's sad, that you can't do anything similar as we are going to have so much fun...."Shinomiya grinned and instigated as she won the war...

'I knew it!! President, this was perfect! Now I can finally get to the point, I knew it you would be flustered and never suggest yourself. Rather someone else!! Now not only will I get President's secrets but also bond with his sister'

Shirogane also pondered deeply about this as he realised, *'Wait if Shinomiya is going to take Fujiwara with her and my sister as well. What will I do then the whole day? Maybe I can text Ishigami about it.'*

Shirogane's face widened as Ishigami gave his approval and now...

'Now I just need to have Ayanokouji on board, TAKE THAT SHINOMIYA!!'

The WINNER OF TODAY'S BATTLE:

HAYASAKA AND SHINOMIYA WIN!!

Ishigami and Fujiwara start cooking up plans

Author's Note-

Dear Readers,

Hoping that this start was fairly decent! Did you enjoy the interactions? What are your thoughts?

How do you think Hayasaka will get the secrets? And how will Kiyo turn this over!

Do vote and comment if you enjoyed the chapter. Do read my other books

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou Wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Will update)

Thank you.

BOYS' NIGHT OUT!

Reads: 3065 | Votes: 176 | Comments: 56

Ayanokouji POV

"What's so strange?"

"Ayanokouji are you in your emo phase? What's with the all-black mister?" Ishigami asked as he looked at my black cardigan hiding my white shirt underneath. It seems it was more as I glanced at my black watch and black jeans. Sigh, I should have brought better clothes. But it's not like I can really change in the middle of the street can I? I glanced over to Ishigami as I rebutted, "It's not as if I am the only one with an emo look, when was the last time you got a haircut, ***one-eyed Emotional Damage?***"

It seems that was enough to shut him up as he put his white hoodie on top of his head and looked down at the pebbles below. I turned around to find none other than a panting Shirogane as he got off the bike. His pale blue shirt and his brown jeans were certainly an odd combo, but pleasing to the eye. I waved at him as he waved back at me while Ishigami snapped out of it, looking at Shirogane as he patted Ishigami's shoulder speaking, "What's with the sour face Ishigami? And hello Ayanokouji, oh...that's quite the colour coordination you got there."

"Coincidences can be freaky President." I said as I leaned at the pole for support, contemplating if I should take a jab at his dressing as well. If I wanted to be expelled, I definitely would have said something. But I had other plans, so I kept my mouth shut. Given the present circumstances, there were 3 boys all quite socially inept and far from the word called fun, hence suggesting things would be

quite a bother.

I wonder, what they have in mind.

Narrator's POV

Well, why don't we find out~

'What's with the awkwardness, I have prepared a list of things we should do and even made sure we can make reservations. Not just that I even have backups. But this silence, I was unprepared for. It's defeaning.'

He was right, last night was spent with him planning every single criteria and making quite a few calls to different venues, *irritating his sister to the fullest!*

'....One....eyed....emotional....trauma.....Sigh, I want to go home and watch One piece now, the only cure for this everlasting agony.'

Unfortunately, Ishigami's mind was still stuck on the words Ayanokouji had uttered. He spoke up, "Prez, let's watch anime...."

Shirogane was clearly against that and now he had his moment to shine, "We can....but let's go bowling first...sounds fun?" His eyes gleamed as his plan started to take action. Considering the other two didn't have well-versed opinions of their own, decided to simply agree to this and march along. After a while of silence yet again, this time Ishigami tried his luck at starting a conversation, "Are any of you actually good at bowling?"

Shirogane quipped up,"I mean how hard can it be....."

Those words uttered, truly sent shivers down my non-existent spine. I do hope, that all of them come out alive. Moving on, Ayanokouji seemed to stay quiet contemplating his response. I wonder what goes on in his noggin'

Ayanokouji's POV

Considering I have never played bowling, should I be honest? It would probably make a mockery out of me. Hmm, it seems I just have to go with a safe response, "I haven't played it before but I do hope, beginner's luck is with me." They looked at me in surprise as I said it. It seems, my response wasn't as safe as I thought. Ishigami asked," Hey Ayanokouji, you sure about that? Like never at all?" I nodded in agreement as I added, "Though I am well versed in the rules, I won't be an inconvenience I hope."

Shirogane patted my back and said, "Don't worry about it. It's all fun. I haven't played it much either, once I went with my sister and she destroyed me. And for some reason I was banned from there...they said something like I broke the ball." He said it in utmost confidence as if he was announcing he got first place. Ishigami nodded in pride with him as we walked inside the mall. It was the first time, I have been in an outside mall not considering Keyaki Mall.

I stared at the lights glaring at me, from all the different shops around me. Somewhere they sold, perfumes other places they sold toys while others sold clothes. It was quite a sensory overload. ANHS has things we needed, here, there was an expanse of goods and itineraries that would be considered useless to a student.

If I had all the time in the world, my curiosity would lead me to be

completely lost in such a place. I was led by them in the elevator. It reminded me of the particular situation I was in with Ibuki. Thankfully, this elevator wasn't as cruel and let us leave to the bowling court.

It was quite contrasting to the rest of the mall, as it was completely dark and had the lights lighting up just the alleys and next to the alley, there was a pool room with a few lights above them.

"Hey Ayanokouji, stop spacing out! Look, I will show you, the basics." Ishigami graciously showed me his throw. The shining red ball, slipped his fingers as it started rolling through the long brown lane.

The anticipation was indeed seen in their eyes, even though I had my eyes locked on the ball. It rolled and rolled, striking down 5 of the pins in succession.

Strikeeee

They toppled over and the slider collected it all, in quite an interesting set of movements. Ishigami raised his fist in the air as he grinned proudly of his achievement. He spoke wildly, "I DID IT! Hell, I thought I was just gonna hit one pin....I mean....uhh..." He slipped up as he revealed that he too, *was a novice with beginner's luck.*

Shirogane cheered gladly and picked up the green ball," Wow, not bad. Hmm, as I can see. I should pull up my hand..." He jabbed his fingers on the 3 holes of the ball as he lifted it up and continued, "....then I just have to figure out the angle...." The concentration he had was quite something, as he focused his entire attention on the

pins I could see his fingers shaking from the weight of the ball hanging in the air by their support. I spoke,

"**President, should I call Fujiwara?**"

I heard a small yelp from the background but decided to ignore it for now.

He looked towards my direction, as his bed hair showed a glare. He looked back, and let his ball shoot. But, fate had other plans. The ball slipped from the sweat dripping down his arms, as it rolled outside the court instead of towards the lane.

The ball rolled and rolled, hitting one of the pool tables causing a burly man, in his 40s to look at us in a menacing glare. He walked towards us with the ball tightly encased in his hands. He roared, "Which of you, decided to interfere with my pool shot?"

I sighed as I blended into the surroundings with my all-black outfit. He looked at the other two and discerned it was Ishigami because of his glum and fearful look. Grabbing him by the collar he pulled Ishigami to the table as he grumbled, "I missed my shot....." He dropped him on the floor and handed him the cue stick and spoke, "Make the shot for me...NOW.Hey, it's cool right?"

Another person on the opposite side nodded thinking it was just a bunch of kids.

I scanned the pool table behind Shirogane as I remembered reading about it in a book. Billiard balls are always having near-perfect elastic collisions. Given that, the kinetic energy would be preserved with less discrepancy between prediction and result.

Simply put, given enough thought and practice, every single shot

can be mathematically analyzed and predicted. In the positions given here, I can notice that we need to have a glancing shot or lesser collision giving the target ball more distance to travel.

Given Ishigami's skill level, it wouldn't be wise for him to shoot it using such techniques in mind. If he shot directly, it wouldn't end well. I wouldn't enjoy wasting time in such silly fights. So I walked out from behind the man, who was shocked at my sudden appearance out of thin air. I whispered into Ishigami's ear

"Look at the board properly. None of the higher-scoring shots can be done, without a glancing shot. Look at the table and close your eyes." After hearing my command the petrified Ishigami followed it blindly as he imagined what I dictated

"Imagine the board and focus on the yellow ball. Think of a ghost ball just next to that ball and straightly aligned to the angle you are shooting at. Hit with a smaller force than you think is necessary and move your hips to the side."

It was quite obvious that he couldn't clearly understand why I was saying that. But as a programmer, his mathematical mind took charge as he nodded. His eyes were on the ball, as he shot just next to it. The shooting ball, grazed the surface of the yellow ball as it rolled and rolled, hitting the side of the table at an angle of about 30 degrees. Given the law of reflection, the ball quite perfectly had struck the red ball, which then dropped into the pocket of the table, winning us our ticket out of this mess.

The man glared at me in contempt which suddenly softened as he thumped my back, "Well played, black shirt boy and one-eyed pirate. Hoho, it's been long since I have seen kids your age being this good at such old-fashioned games." He went on to ramble about his great history in pool games and such. But we didn't have much time, as we slipped by and reached the owling court, but it was already late. They both looked at me as they started thanking me

"Gosh, that was close, thanks, man. I will let you call me anything anytime." Ishigami emotionally spoke as his eyes clouded up in

happy tears. Shirogane affirmed as he added in," Thanks to you, things stopped being messy. It seems, I really do need to call Fujiwara up."

He picked up his phone but I pulled it away and said, "Why don't we finish my turn and eat something? I am starving." Shirogane looked at me strangely for grabbing his phone suddenly but didn't think much of it as I returned it. I grabbed a black ball, as I glanced at the pins.

Given that this court doesn't have evenly spread lubrication on the alley, it would be unwise to hit it straight. Else the outcome would be like Ishigami, where it slipped slightly from the intended angle he was shooting at. So I shot a slightly tilted roll. The ball as intended, slipped slightly, getting into the angle I originally wanted and hitting the centre pin, giving me a full strike.

STRIKEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

After a few more rounds it seems everyone was exhausted, and I meant everyone from the court. As the bystanders gathered around to see Ishigami's, almost perfect shots and saying

'Oooohhhh'

Shirogane's mind-boggling failures

'hahahahhha...how? Just HOW??'

and my strikes after strikes.

'That kid, should be in the nationals.'

After a while, we finally headed to the food court as I ordered

myself a tortilla and an ice-cream sundae. It did feel quite relieving as we saw some uninvited guests pop up I heard a familiar voice

"Oh Ayanokouji, mind sharing that sundae with me?" A smirk from the blonde-haired beauty might just bring catastrophe to the boy's night out.

"Help yourself Hayasaka."

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

Well, as you noticed. I might have nerded out. Well, guess what, next chapter I can't...after all, girl's night out.

What even can I do? Maybe compare prices? Talk about the history of clothes? Say how ripped jeans are just....ripped---jeans.

Hmm, well, stay tuned!

Do read my other books and give this one a vote and comment if you enjoyed it.

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Updating soon)

Every corner is dark

Reads: 3033 | Votes: 180 | Comments: 55

Hayasaka's POV

"Hayasaka, are you sure this top will be casual enough?" Lady Kaguya exclaimed as she frantically switched between a mountain of clothing to go on this outing. Unfortunately, luck wasn't on her side as she switched from dress to dress from the modest black gown to the pyjamas she wore last night. She thought at one point about just choosing the school uniform...but I managed to avert that calamity not out of humanity but rather out of vanity.

Oh, that rhymed.

From yesterday till today, the plans have been going like a cascade of falling dominos. It looks charming almost and a bit too perfect. It was probably my paranoia. I spoke, "Looks just lovely Lady Kaguya. The gentle blue contrasts well with the red matte lipstick and the dark black hair you possess." She thought about the blue top with the baggy sleeves and a top bow-like knot embracing her and gave a smile.

She nodded, "This is the one! Now it's your turn! Oh, I just have the perfect dress for you. I picked it out for you yesterday." And saying so, in about 10 minutes I was ready in a black top with sleeves going about three-quarters of my pale hands and was given high cut black shorts to match with it.

It didn't look bad, in fact it seemed to be quite perfect for such an occasion, "Lady Kaguya, this is quite befitting. But can I ask something?" She nodded as I asked, "If you found such a pair for me then why did it take so long for you to decide on your own dress." I could see the slight embarrassment she had on her face. But she

simply shrugged and replied, "It's called, having too many choices...now let's hurry up or we will be late."

With this, we finally got in the car and rushed to the venue which Lady Kaguya *'borrowed'* from the President's notepad when he according to her was 'so cute that he cared for his fellow committee members when it, in reality, it was nothing but a concoction of social anxiety and perfectionist nature of the Student Council president.

The car stopped a few feet away from the mall entrance as I left the car and watched as the fumes of the car's exhaust passed me leaving me in the dark street with the street light forming a shadow down my face, *as if I was a villain in a light novel.*

The time ticked 7 pm as the streets were buzzing with activity but that specific street had a different aura. If I had to pinpoint, there were unwanted gazes at my bare legs. In this heat ironically my legs felt a slight shiver as those gazes were focused on me.

If I wanted I could very well take 2 of them down...3 would be a stretch...but all 10 pairs of eyes, would be impossible after all, this is reality and not an anime. I looked around to find only those gazes. I turned my head and fastened my footsteps. The voices then started echoing.

'Hey babe, where are you going? Why don't you catch a ride with me.'

'Hey hey, respect her. She is your future sister-in-law dumbass.'

'Shut up shitheads. Let me focus on that shirt of hers. Gosh, it looks ravishing.'

'Don't say such stuff. Hey darling, come with me, I will treat you better than these freaks.'

'Hah, you mean you are gonna treat her in your room. Haha, I don't think would mind if I joined too.'

While they didn't affect my stoic face. The odds were certainly stacked against me. If I did fight, there was a chance the school would come to know about it afterwards. Not just that, if I did call anyone, they would lunge at me thinking it was the police. With a side-eye glance, I noticed...metal knuckles at 9 o clock and knifes at 12 o clock and 6 o clock.

If I was attacked, they would have to be the first to be disarmed and then grab one of them as a hostage. But I would be walking the fine line between self-defence and unneeded violence. While certainly the Shinomiya family would provide me with the best lawyers, even they can't prove $1+1 = 3$.

I felt a breath close to me, as I ducked avoiding the touch of the man with a disgusting smile plastered on his face. My leg swerved and kicked his shin as hard as possible causing a crack sound to echo. Honestly, that wouldn't be possible without my boots considering his body weight.

I saw the smile shrivel down to nothing more than howling pain. Without wasting a moment I lifted my other leg and gave a roundhouse kick with my body as the balance point. It was enough to knock him out.

I looked at the surprised visages of the now wavering gazes. But it seems one of them had other intentions," That girl is stronger than we imagined. Look, if we get her now, we can at least escape the attention. Grab her and pull her into the alleyway back there."

9 o clock

12 o clock

3 o clock

All came at once. This was a difficult situation, considering that no matter what martial arts I learned, none ever commented on attacking multiple opponents. I felt a cold sweat drip down my back as I positioned myself calculating every path of escape possible. After all, my best possible bet was to run away.

3 o clock just had brass knuckles. If he isn't well versed in it's use, my best bet would be to use him as an escape point. I ran right at 3 o clock as the others changed their directions screaming, "Get a hold of her, if she let the police know we will be fu*ked."

What I was about to do, was nothing less than crazy. I used my momentum and jumped as hard as possible with my knee shooting Infront of me as the man's knuckle hurled at me. At a split-second difference, my knee connected to the chin of the man. And threw him down. I rolled on the hard pavement as I injured my knee and ran.

But, it seems fate had other plans. I did manage to escape but it seems it was a trafficking ring rather than a small-time gang. Given that they saw me come out of such an expensive car, they could have assumed that the Shinomiya family might pay for my release, which is obviously incorrect. They would just hire another maid This is something that happened to Lady Kaguya once but at that time, the situation was different. She had quite a few bodyguards. Something that I lacked.

I noticed no other route to escape with my injured knee. Well, honestly isn't that unfortunate?

I felt a hand grab me from one alleyway. I felt a rough tug at me as he pulled me into the nook. I felt this ***boy with a black hoodie on pulling me close to his body and turned to the side.*** The boy sat me down at the nook and went out of there. I wanted to stop him as It would be illogical but my body gave up as I sat there catching my

breath. Running in heels with an injured foot after fighting two people, wasn't something the human body was generally conditioned to. I just need to catch my breath, that's all.

Ayanokouji's POV

I think it was a fair offer to wear black and accept the strange looks from Ishigami and Shirogane to prepare for this situation. How did I know about it? Well, considering I passed this alleyway earlier today as I was heading to meet the others, I did notice quite a few girls being given unwanted stares. Now if it was a single pair of eyes or even two or three pairs. I wouldn't really have noticed much.

But I felt quite a few stares, 15 pairs to be exact, interestingly I had heard a few days earlier from the store owner complaining about how he doesn't want to let his daughter off alone nowadays due to the increasing crime rates.

If I had to link these two situations, which would be reasonable as the shop is close to the mall, then I could hypothesise that something was definitely out of place. Given that Hayasaka would have created a situation to obviously follow me because of the bet we made in the situation that this all was her master plan, so to be on the safe side I went home and changed into something...that could camouflage well.

It had done it's job.

And now I had to move.

I sent a voice message as I went out in the alleyway meeting the multiple stares of the men running there. I stayed silent as I heard one of them speak

"Hey kid, did you see my sister? She ran away from home and we are awfully worried about her." His acting skills deserved a round of applause...on his face of course.

The others nodded their heads trying to insinuate they were her well-wishers. But after a while of silence, it seems they realised that I wasn't going to reveal anything or believe their poor attempt at this farce. As expected, they tried another method, "Look, we will leave that girl and you be. If you don't rat us out to the police, we will pay each of you 100,000 yen."

My eyes slightly widened when I heard this. They weren't common thugs for sure but the fact that they wanted to settle this without a fight and involving the law showed that they were careful and were playing the long game.

Not just that, it seems, they had enough money to spare poking at the fact there was a bigger organisation at play here. Something that I wasn't willing to entertain but I decided to play along.

"Alright, if I am given the money that is a total of 200, 000 yen. I will break my phone in front of you with hers as well. Not just that, I will also give you my address that you can verify if I try to leak the information. Does that sound fair enough?" I pulled out my phone as I threw it in the air and caught it.

The man in the middle smiled at that and nodded as he spoke, "Sounds quite fair but instead of breaking the phones, you will hand them over. Because there is always a possibility you will try some scummy trick and ask someone else to do it. If you agree, 200, 000 yen is all yours."

I nodded and handed the phone over as he transferred the money to my account with his phone and raised it in the air for me to see. "You look at that kid? That's the deal then. Now, I think it's better if we left."

It seems my calculations were off. It seems it slipped my mind, ***the police is usually late.***

I spoke, "Don't you want her phone as well?" I turned my eyes to Hayasaka's direction as she walked up to me. Her pupils widened...

Oh, it seems my black face mask had slipped off....honestly, these corona masks are really loose at times.

Hayasaka's POV

"Did you leave your boy's gang for this? Wow, what a gentleman." I spoke as I looked at the scene in front of me. It dawned on me that the man in black was none other than the mystery boy of the school. But it's not a time to ponder over how he knew and to what extent, I was relieved that he was here. If that was Ayanokouji's phone in their hands and if I correctly heard what he just said.

It just meant one thing, there was a deal going on.

I felt my strength recover as I felt some words spoken, "Give me your phone." Without argument, I handed it over considering this wicked situation. He went up to the man in the middle and handed the phone over.

I thought about what he was about to do, as he gave the phone over and pulled out the knife from the man next to him and grabbed the outstretched hand of the man and held the knife close to his throat as he spoke, "Well, it seems things haven't gone the way you all had planned. It's fine though, if you want me to not harm him do just one thing."

They were wary of his straight face, it was clear to them that he just might do it considering the conviction he spoke with and how the blade was a hair strand away from the man's throat. He kept speaking, "Give me the contact number of the head of this ring. Do hurry up because even if I can't kill him directly, I can definitely harm him and call it self defence. Can't I?" They seemed to catch on as they gave the number which he ushered to give to me. The paper had the contact number and the knife came off his hand.

"Ayanokouji WAIT" I spoke louder as I lost my cool from the arm grabbing him from behind and ready to stab him. I felt a fuse burn off as I was ready to charge at them but Ayanokouji seemed to say....stay put. Wasn't he even slightly worried as the knife started piercing his jacket? I could...take them on...but....

Could I trust Ayanokouji and just let him be?

Every second...felt like an eternity.

The knife sunk in.

And I was standing there, doing nothing.

Author's Note

Dear Readers,

Expected that? The full black shirt didn't really give much hints did it? Or maybe the time the boys separated before eating? Sigh, try better this time, there are hints as always.

Also, I hope I gave the trope hero saves helpless girl from baddies a fresh view.

If you enjoyed this chapter, do leave a vote and comment. Do try my other books:

1. Fakekouji(Updated

2. Shinzou wo sasageyo Ayanokouji (Update soon)

Thank you

Aftermath

Reads: 2818 | Votes: 170 | Comments: 32

Ayanokouji's POV

Oddness and intrigue have often been an integral part of who I am. Today wasn't any different. The knife was about 2 inches deep inside me, and I didn't give out a single change in emotion that gave the perpetrators aura of strangeness. Considering this would be enough, I used my hind leg, kicked the attacker in his shin, toppled him over, and proceeded to stand straight. I looked at the remaining ones and saw all of them topple over as Hayasaka kicked their groins hard enough.

Effective

I was quite interested in her thought process, which led her to follow my command of staying still. If she hadn't followed it, I wouldn't be responsible for her injuries to say the least. I looked at her glistening face as her eyes targeted my injury as she rushed over and asked, "Are you okay? Alright Ai calm yourself down!....."

(**A/N**: Everything Hayasaka is about to do is factually

crosschecked.)

She took a deep breath as she looked at my wound again and ripped off a piece of her handkerchief a tied it around her hand and sanitised her bandaged hand with her sanitiser as she started applying pressure on the wound to stop the bleeding. It seems she was well adept with the protocol for first aid in stab wounds. All I had to do was to stay calm considering that any form of reaction can lead to a shock response making matters worse. While the bloody mess might be horrific to some, its just about 5% blood. I still had 35% blood left to spare before I went to **Hyvolanemic shock**.

Calmness was my strong point.

She didn't take out the knife as it would spill copious amounts of blood. So I took over and pulled it out very slowly swerving through the different nerves present in the abdomen. After about four minutes of precise movements and deathly pale silence, the knife was extracted and the police arrived at the scene thanks to Hayasaka calling them meanwhile.

Considering that two high schoolers were there standing while over 15 people were on the ground unconscious, it was quite strange for them to wrap their heads around but after giving them the recording on my phone with the weapon presented, they let us go. Though, questioning would follow, which would be hectic in itself. A police officer introduced herself,

"Inspector Akiyama here, we are leaving you, kids, now under the clear refusal of treatment from ....Ayanokouji Kiyotaka's part but tomorrow at sharp 9 am both him and you, Hayasaka Ai will be present at the police station for questioning. I hope that's clear?"

"Is it possible to not file an FIR? We don't want to extend the matter and it will cause us high schoolers further hassle."Hayasaka responded to diminish the situation.

"Whether you both file one or not is legally upon the victims aka you both it would be leaving them scot-free." Inspector Akiyama looked perturbed as she had to say that.

"I would suggest using other FIRs on this crime as a pretence to arrest them without involving us. Isn't that legally possible?" I offered a counter solution which would prevent us from being involved altogether and even if we were called we can just say we were there as witnesses.

"Hmm, I will cross-check that. Now then, please move away from the crime scene and enter your required information on these pamphlets." After hearing the Inspector say that we did so without question and escaped from there with a properly bandaged wound as basic first aid provided by the police.

I then said, "Let's act as if we didn't meet. I have to go to the food court. Have a good day ahead." I then headed straight for the food court as I heard a sigh from behind and a grunt. *Probably my imagination.....*

This finally brings me to the present situation here, where a pouty Hayasaka is standing sipping a coffee while looking at me in contempt. Didn't I just save her life? Why is she acting like this?

"Oh hello Hayasaka, it's a pleasure to see you here" Shirogane greeted her formally as she returned it in lieu, "Pleasure is all mine president. Such a cool coincidence! I just really wanted to try this new venti mocha machiato so I just had to try it anyhow." She signed off with her signature smile as she pulled up a chair and sat next to me, "Hey guys, don't mind me grabbing a seat, as you can see there are barely any seats left."

She was right, it was 8 pm and most fast food areas of the mall were filled so none of us had a problem. We started eating our dinner as a few others knocked at our table.

And it was quite a few recognizable faces, Shinomiya, Chika and the other one could be Shirogane's sister. Shinomiya's eyes saw red as she placed her hand on Hayasaka causing her to yelp, "AAHH!..Oh it's you Shinomiya-san. Where had you guys been ? I searched all over for y'all."

"I can ask the same question can't I? After hurrying to us you just left us like orphans to buy some fancy drink. And now you are crashing the President's get-together??" She questioned as the President quickly tried to defuse the situation, "W-Why don't we leave this mess and just sit on the table together? Ayanokouji can you grab some chairs?" I nodded as I got up but Hayasaka grabbed my shoulder and pushed me to sit as she said, "Prez can I pretty please do it?"

It seems she didn't want me to exert my injured body. I compiled as I saw the sparks between the eyes of Shinomiya and the President. It seems another war had begun.

Narrator's POV

Woah it's been way too long and Ayanokouji well...I am scared of him now. What is that boy even doing? I have too many questions but gosh darn it why can't this stupid plot armour break and let me see what's in his mind?!!!

Well anyways as always another mischievous scheme has been launched by Shinomiya

'Well, if I ask Prez for a drink of the same flavour he is drinking

maybe I can use his naivety against him if he gives me his drink saying Oh president I didn't know you would be so forward with an indirect kiss~! And if it's the other situation where he tries to maintain decency, I will simply ask Ayanokouji for his drink implying that I will actually drink it forcing him to act quickly and President giving his cup to me!!'

That was thought by her in a span of 2 seconds...the school vice president definitely is a manipulative psychopath.

"Ohhhh President I am so thirsty~! Is that hot chocolate? Hmm... "

As she followed with her plan Shirogane's wheel's started turning

' Shinomiya is trying to trick me again. This time though it's a much simpler one. She wants me to accidentally give her my drink and make me a total creep in that regard. And what if I don't and buy it for her instead? What if she already has held it in account and has a counter?....So....'

"Shinomiya I will give you mine and here is a straw as well." Shirogane gave her the straw that was hidden under the plate preventing Shinomiya from adjusting that to her calculations.And as we know, quite simply, Shinomiya had no comeback.

This was quite a simple one, wasn't it? Hmm, was I simply distracting the audience? Nah, that's impossible I am the great Narrat-

Ayanokouji's POV

When she came back a slip was passed into my pocket when no one was looking and she greeted, "Haihai~ I bought 2 more chairs! Well, now that we are seated lets order shall we?"

I opened the chit below the table as everyone was feasting and I read something quite interesting.

'Ayanokouji's Secret Number 1- He excels in pain resistance far above any normal human being proving that he has been well trained in martial arts for a large period of time. Hence, he is an experienced Martial artist. And this includes multiple types as well, proving his physical capabilities far above the ordinary.

That should count as a victory for me so the totals are, 1-0. Well, since I won, meet me up tomorrow evening at the nearby Ohilo beach at sharp 5 pm. Don't be late, this is my reward for winning.

Signed

You Know Who'

Well, that was a correct statement so I suppose their is no harm in letting her get her way. I am curious what she has in store for me, as it's not just a simple ask about what's going on...

Author's Note

Dear readers,

I have been taking quite a long time to write the chapters as my irl life has been very hectic. Hope y'all understand

Have a good day and vote if you enjoyed reading

Do read my other books:

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (To be updated)

Thank you

Crack the Shell

Reads: 2901 | Votes: 164 | Comments: 89

Ayanokouji's POV

Right now, I am lying here gazing at the night sky with a blonde-haired beauty as the brightly coloured dark sky echoes just one chant in my head, "Is this what true peace is like?"

I closed my eyes as our breath collided in a magical symphony perfectly in sync with the orchestra of the waves of the beach to the sound of distant crickets. I started reminiscing back to the point this day started from a simple letter from that knowingly unknown sender.

~.~Flashback~.~

It was 2 am in the morning and the night was pitch black, unlike my well-lit room. I had just finished checking off my bills for this month. I had already saved up enough for emergencies and the rest was being splurged on the ever-inflating cost of basic amenities such as electricity rent and water. Buying food was hectic as well, I wonder if Hayasaka could assist me with that? After all, she was a maid at the Shinomiya household.

I took my phone out of charge as I turned off read receipts and texted her,

{2:10AM} How to manage money?

I left my phone and went back to a book I had been reading sometimes for the past couple of days and surely so, a small hum buzzed on my phone as it lit up showing her message

{2:18AM} **Hayasaka**: Sorry Google doesn't work this late at night.

What did she mean by that? I looked a bit down, to find that she was still typing something.

{2:18AM} **Hayasaka**: But if greeted properly, maybe Ai Hayasaka can assist you.

I understood the indirect hit to my social score as I texted properly

{2:19AM} I apologise, I would rather talk to Hayasaka. I was wondering how to reduce the bill of food I buy.

{2:19 AM} **Hayasaka**: Considering you already are well aware of the inflation rates, you check the MRP mentioned during our ramen gathering. I would say, buy raw food and learn to cook properly which I presume won't that too much time.

Given that the other day, my cooking was worthy of being taken into a cooking speciality academy as well as the ramen day hence

she had suggested me this. Doesn't that mean, she allocated our time together to a specific part of her memory? Hmm, does it further imply that we have gotten closer? There is also the fact, that she is showing her emotionless true self to me. There is also the possibility that she just has a very good memory. For now, I simply don't have conclusive information.

{2:19 AM} I am quite inept at cooking considering I just copy recipes. But you are right that could come in use, can you consider naming some recipes which need fewer ingredients?

The clock ticked away with the hums of the phone as the wings of time flew out of grasp into the rays of the next day hitting my face through the blinds of the curtains I thought I had closed. I wrote off the last text before ending the conversation and letting my eyes shut down in deep slumber.

Hayasaka POV

{5:19AM}**Ayanokouji (?):** Thank you for the help, I appreciate you replying late at night considering being a maid there must be incredibly taxing on your health. Do take care, after all, keeping a facade is harder when you are sick. Good night.

The last words that were scanned by my eyes would seem quite rude out of context but as the first rays of morning light shone on

my face and making the screen too hard to see, I contemplated it's meaning.

He knew the pain I suffered, without me uttering a single word.

Isn't that a win Ayanokouji?

I sent my last text as I closed the curtains and let my eyelids drop.

{5:19 AM} 1-1 And good night.

Ayanokouji….you sly bastard.

Ayanokouji POV

I woke up at 8 am and checked my phone to notice the text and thought inwardly that she must have realised that while she played a very intricate plan of forcefully arranging a get-together which had quite a few dangerous obstacles in between and in the end

while she did succeed. All it took was just a small observation, for me to accomplish the same goal.

This should make her rethink and repolish her schemes more. Of course, there was another end to this dagger which ended her plan, the whole obstacle had turned out beneficial as Hayasaka probably will reduce the mental barrier she has around me. This was the path that I would lead her along, on the one hand, she would keep getting more capable and on the other.....

I walked up to the chessboard as It was left stranded the earlier night while I chatted with her and played another move, pawn to C8

Be the queen piece for the final checkmate

>////////////////<

Narrator POV

Hah, *doing the unexpected is definitely expected from Ayanokouji.*

But it seems he was late for class. Wasn't that something to ponder about?

NO?

Well, what if I told you, that even Hayasaka was late? Now that would stir up suspicion, especially in the keen eyes of Shinomiya. Wouldn't it be strange if I told you that Ayanokouji forgot to button the top and left his bare-toned chest slightly revealing which was a peep into himself that the opposite gender pondered and enjoyed to the fullest?

Not even a single person told him anything as to their disappointment he buttoned it up quickly enough.

Did he gym often? I don't know but I definitely am curious. Speaking of the gym, I will have to go there too after finishing today's script and eating this last bag of bbq chips.

Goshhh so finger-licking good!

....Didn't I say I would go...yesterday....and...day before yesterday.....

CURSE YOU BARBEQUE FLAVOURED GOODNESS!!!!!!!!!!

Anyways, back to the topic. It seems the wires in Shinomiya's brain remained dormant from the outside but lemme tell you gentlemen and quite the beautiful audience of women, they are all fired up in her head ready to hyper analyse the possible causes, as she knew one thing. That the two people who would be the last to have a late attendance record, have decided to turn that bizarre happening into reality.

But she also had a clear idea of not jumping to conclusions before getting the complete information, maybe it was just a coincidence.

EVERYTHING IS JUST A GODDAMMMM **COINCIDENCE** AT THIS FREAKING POINTT!!!!

Sorry, my head **can be freaky** at times.

On the other side of the spectrum, Ayanokouji seemed least

bothered by the piercing and odd glances given by his fellow classmates. Considering he and Hayasaka are an old pair, it did erase doubts in their minds about any not-so-student-like behaviour between them. Yet doubt did exist, minutely so to speak.

The class had taken wings like the dove that Ayanokouji kept staring at, hmm...was he a bird watcher? Well, my favourite bird is the Nightingale. After all, it sings just as melodiously as I do in my bathr-

I said too much.....CAN WE TAKE THAT OUT OF THE SCRIPTT!????

Sigh, forget that ever happened~!

Ayano-

W-Wait I meant my words...No-

Ayanokouji POV

The classes were as expected, quite boring. The sound of the bell gave a notice to leave as I headed off to Ohilo Beach as intended. The walk seemed quite silent as I contemplated my future actions under the heat of the blazing sun. I should have bought some sunscreen, if my salary could afford it.

I looked at my watch as I thought back to the time I had taken to talk to her, which threw my sleep schedule off by a mile. Though what I didn't realise, was that Hayasaka too seemed to have a similar problem as I saw her rushing to reach the class from the corner of my eyes as I entered class first. The impression given could have been taken out of context but it wasn't as if I bothered with such thoughts in the first place.

"Hallo! Ayanokouji over here!" The waving hand of the girl with shining blonde hair tore my gaze away from the sea in front of me as I had my thoughts running through my head. I looked at her and blinked a bit as for a while I was gracious to the blistering sun that had graced me with it's presence as I got to see Hayasaka's hot-

Control Kiyotaka Control

"Hey! Soooo~ I kinda chose this spot for one of our get-togethers. Isn't it kinda cool? Hehe~ pun intended." She grinned a bit with her hand reaching her mouth to close the blinds of her escaping laughter.

"Hmm, it's quite the sea view from here and there isn't much crowd too." I imagine it's because of the sun, many avoided coming here today in the first place and considering Hayasaka she must have wanted privacy when she removed her mask. She gave me a smile and said, "Do you want to walk for a while? I need some time to settle my thoughts." I gave a nod as we walked and admired the scenery ***Six feet apart***.

It didn't take many steps on the sandy shores for her eclipsed facial muscles to come to a rest as a complete plateau. As I walked on the coast the distance between us reduced and as I turned to my side taking a quick glance at her, I crashed into her ocean-blue eyes causing her to turn away slightly breaking eye contact. It made me realise something as I looked at her...the uniform makers need to do a better job of reducing the clearly thin fabric that stuck to her body due to sweat.

I turned my head away and peered at the surroundings as the sun slowly started to set over the horizon and the eyes of strangers that

I noticed started to shift towards her body. It seems Hayasaka's vision too was about to catch onto this as she craned her neck slightly. Considering there wasn't much option and the weather was shifting to something cooler, I took off my coat and in a swift motion....

Swish

...wrapped it around her shoulders as the wind collided with our bodies providing a cold and relieving sensation. The timing was awfully perfect for this so-called cheezy scenario. As expected, my quick action surprised her slightly as her face remained stoic with her ears having a tinge of red on them.

"Hayasaka stop-" It seems she was lost in a trance as she kept walking wrapping the coat close to herself. Hence, considering no other option I held her delicately soft hands as I pulled her towards me. It seems, her reflexes were shut for a while as she lost balance and usually in films she would have fallen in my arms in the setting sun. Sadly, this wasn't the case as she instead dropped to the ground and swung her leg at my shin out of reflex which finally kicked in. It was a good chance to visualise her footwork as I dodged it by shifting my leg to the side. Her ability to perfectly attempt the move out of sheer reflex was indeed something for opponents to be wary off.

This implied that her training must have been done from an early age. Does the Shinomiya group hire young kids as their workers? If not,I don't suppose Hayasaka had enough money to start learning martial arts at a reputable place at an early age considering she is a maid after all. Following that pattern, how did she get hired in the first place as a child? Was there some sort of connection for her to join as the maid to the biggest Company of that time?

She immediately came to her senses as she got up and patted her sanded knees and apologised, "I didn't mean to attack you viciously like that, I apologise." She looked down at the ground and said the words, "I....here...have your jacket, after I attacked you, it would be quite rude of me to take your considerate gesture."

"I would take it but kept it for now. It's a payment for attacking me" I said as I ushered her to sit on the sand with me. She glanced at it and put her bag down and used it as a podium to sit on. I mimicked her and did the same. It felt slightly uncomfortable but since it was two of us, I suppose it didn't matter.

"Alright, then Ayanokouji, can I ask you something? I have been trying to find the right words as I didn't want to pry too much into your life." She said in caution which was reasonable after she saw my display yesterday with her own two eyes. I slowly said, "I don't see an issue."

"How were you able to come to my rescue that day? Don't get me wrong, I am grateful but also sceptical?" She asked in a tone devoid of emotions considering it would have been quite a spectacle to see your classmate do such stunts. She did what I would do, remove emotions from logic.

Right now she was logical and I was....never emotional to begin with.

"Considering that I had been working in the cafe in that area, which you have been to earlier. I did walk through that place for a while and during the past few days or so there has been an increase in loitering individuals and kidnapping cases reported. I contemplated it a bit, during class hours instead of completing notes and came up with a correlation that maybe these two situations were related." I spoke in a single breath as she gathered everything up with a slightly open mouth and an unshaken gaze. It seems she is taking this well enough and this will sow *seeds of doubt in her mind.*

"I see, so how did you know that we would arrive at the mall at that time?" She asked questioning my actions. I looked at her for a while as I answered, "I overheard the conversation between her and the president but only tidbits of it." I waited for her to absorb that information ***as the sun had finally set.***

"Oh-uh okay....ya, I suppose that makes sense" Her voice shook slightly as she thought about it. This was to be expected as I had said this piece of misinformation. Her mind knows for a fact that I knew about the girls' meetup but what she didn't know was how did I get a hold of that information. This half-truth could now be fit with a lie I had created.

"Why did you hide your identity then?" Now her question was an appropriate chain of thoughts. I spoke as I had previously planned, "Oh, at first I just tried to help without letting you know. I suppose, that I didn't want to stand out much."

"Does that mean I am included in that bunch as well?" She asked as she interrupted me, giving me a bit more insight into her

understanding. The situation earlier definitely brought trust to my side which of course led her to stop me and cross-verify if I felt the same trust for her. "I am trying my best to slowly open up to you, it would take more time as I had been quite introverted earlier." I saw a small crease on of lips as I saw her feel a sense of belonging with me, which meant that ***this lie was worth telling***. This was exactly what I had aimed for but I wasn't done yet.

"Can I ask you something? Why did Shinomiya drop you off there? That area is generally unsafe." A small push like this was enough for her to fit the pieces in place. She is a smart and untrusting person who wouldn't go on just words to accept something. But if I gave her the pieces of truth mixed with lies, she would fit them perfectly together to reach the conclusion I had intended for her to grasp

Doubting the Shinomiya Family

I then got up and patted my jeans as I lay on the sand below me with the sand touching my back. This feeling was a new one and I had to experience it. With my hand, I grabbed a fistful of sand as she contemplated and kept fitting the pieces together. The sand started falling from my hands as she might have figured that if Shinomiya had talked to the President about the plan that they were plotting to get me to reveal a secret which she had no choice but to accept given the scenario I had placed in front of her. The next logical process would be a question that would pop up in her head.

Did Shinomiya hide her motives from me?

This was a reasonable doubt as she had earlier removed her emotions and now can clearly think giving me a good viewpoint of her possible alignment of thought. Shinomiya could be suspected as she was a businesswoman by birth, hence she would definitely look for profit in every conversation.

The lack of emotions was a backup that was created considering I didn't know how deep their bond was, hence elimination of such thoughts was the best course of action. The non-stop slow walking had cleared off her head followed by the embarrassing situation completely wiped off present memories of attachment to her. This gave me a perfect opportunity to strike as her complete focus was redirected to me. After all, it's a well-known fact, most humans tend to wonder what the people around them think when they are embarrassed publicly. Hayasaka wasn't any different.

The next possible thought would be,

Why didn't Shinomiya come to pick me up after I was late?

Now this was a bit tricky to answer for her, as she didn't know that I had sent off a message clearly stating that

she had a slight sprain and would take a while to reach

from her unlocked phone as she started recording and the phone was taken away. Now that she doesn't know the answer, a question will arise.

Does Shinomiya care about me?

But, things would halt there considering they still had a long enough bond to have trust...which meant...

No, she does care but...then...

Was it the Shinomiya Group who have a hand in this?

The last of the sand drizzled from my hand as I got up and tapped her shoulder whisking her off her thoughts. This was enough suspicion for now. It was time to get her trust...

" I obliged to your demands now it's my turn...so follow my command and get up." She got up in a daze as I pulled the bad a bit further and pointed her to lie on the ground. She might have thought it was childish but I just did what anyone would do.

I lay on the ground first....and started letting the sand drizzle from my hand again as I looked at the sky above me. She smirked a bit as she did the same, even if her uniform would be ruined in the process.

.~.Flashback ends.~.

We quietly looked at the stars above as I recollected Koenji

mentioning that Shinomiya Group had quite a hazy and questionable history which I could back up, considering they had colluded with my father to build the White Room. Hence, doubt had seeped into her mind.

A soft voice echoed

"Ayanokouji, can I trust you? I know it's odd but answ-"

Before she could answer I spoke,"I can't guarantee but I will try my best to keep the trust if I do receive it."

I looked towards her as my words had sewn in a woven smile

...not a big one...

and definitely

not a fake one

There is my first move and a star had broken from the sky, how

coincidental indeed.

Author's Note

Dear Readers,

How was the first longest chapter I suppose I have written for this fic? Was it interesting? Were you able to catch on to the subtle and not-so-subtle innuendoes and metaphors I had sprinkled?

Do vote and comment on your favourite parts.

Also, I know there are many question as to why this is happening but that's the heart of this fic...

To give answers and many more questions!

Have a good day and do read my other books

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shizou Wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Will Update)

Thank You.

Door to Hayasaka

Reads: 3046 | Votes: 154 | Comments: 42

□□□□□□□□□ °• ♕ •° □□□□□□□□□

The light-hearted conversations with him over text echoed in my ears as I carried out my chores the next day. I never expected to be in the thoughts of another person, who would consider me as their friend despite my countless flaws. He knew about me and not the one with the bright smile that lightened up a stranger's mood.

Click

A mellow sound followed by the door to my room opening led me to conclude it was another emergency. I sighed, as I began my day with a complete obliteration of my schedule. It is always hectic, so it wasn't too much of a bother to help Kaguya with her ignorance towards basic social cues, like right now. She doesn't even know how to reply to Shirogane's sister inviting her again.

After that visit, the troubles didn't leave me as I had to then rush and complete all the duties I had been assigned. While completing them, would put me back on schedule but it wasn't in my fate. I had built up this reputation that chained me to the fate of perfection rather than completion. I hadn't done a single mistake in my 3 years of working for the Shinomiya Household and I certainly don't plan on messing up because of small issues like this.

As predicted, my timing was off by 10 minutes but there was no need to fret over it. I sprinted towards the end of the street as I felt slightly out of breath and regained my earlier composure. I glanced at my watch and noted the time as I let out a sigh of relief. As I peered at the road and around me all I felt was a sense of discomfort as the screeching and honking of cars at the traffic along with the hundreds of footsteps pushed and shoved in the busy footpath.

I silently accepted it as I walked silently and felt a gentle tap at the back of my shoulder. Thinking it was just someone shoving past me, I paid no heed to it and kept walking till the reached the crossing. The cars rushed past me as I stood there waiting patiently for the signal to turn green. I stood there silently as I caught of a glance of a brown haired boy in the crowd with a calm and bland expression etching his face.I without doubt went up to him and said, "Good morning Ayanokouji." He glanced at me and turned around as he said, "Good morning Hayasaka. I suppose we are late." His apathetic voice was something that brought a different sense to his words but it was something I was used to.

I walked beside him as we crossed the road and went to the school. I decided to ask, "Hey, did you do anything with Lady Shinomiya for her to apologise to me?" This thought had been running miles through my head as he stared at me for a moment as he said, "No further conversations were made but it was nice to see you two getting along."

"Yes, but it was also not like her to act like that. I apologise on her behalf for that day." I looked at him with a crooked smile as I tried my best to pull my facial muscles *genuinely*. He tilted his head as he said, "Why are you apologising for such an old incident? Instead, I should thank you for the assistance you provided this day." I

nodded as I couldn't say much. Why was I being like this? Considering this was my first time trying to help someone without having a payment in return or of my own volition, that could be a cause. I was appreciative of the fact that my words had helped him after asking me something so odd at such an odd hour. Who in their right mind thinks about groceries at 2 in the morning?

I remembered going through my phone before getting a ping. Considering that I had most numbers on mute except the Shinomiyas' I expected it to be another assigned work. Instead, like a welcomed surprise, it was none other than Ayanokouji. Given that we talked so less through text, I suppose I forgot to put him on mute. My finger hovered over the mute button and....

muted until further notified

After that, the sound of pings resonated in my lonely room as it cascaded like falling dominos.

The night was an interesting one to remember by as I walked side by side with the person who has been sprinting my mind to no end. I sighed deeply as his eye shot at me but just as quickly returned to the front. His indecipherable emotions weren't uncomfortable and the distance could have been slightly less~

What's wrong with me?

I wasn't very aware of myself at that moment but it seems the class door opening threw me back ***to reality where I had to create an illusion.*** I rubbed my cold hand on my neck as I grinned in an embarrassed manner, "Uhh~ Well sensei I kindaaaaa stayed up all night studying." Ayanokouji didn't even give an explanation and silently went to his desk. I would have done the same but I had to maintain myself in a series of happenings to keep myself relevant in the class, whether it's good or bad happenings, those are all considered secondary. The teacher looked at me with his bespectacled eyes as he sighed and turned back ignoring my words which spread giggles through the class. Just as predicted, which was honestly dull.

My attention went towards the girls as I sat down and got nudged. Thankfully I learnt to control my reflexes or they would have broken their jaw and gotten a concussion, at the very least.

"Heyy, owwie gosh don't hit me like that. What's up girls?" I had my excited voice quite well prepared as the day went on with them trying to poke and proded me and my response always being the same, "AHHHH! I told y'all, it's just a freakishly weird coincidence that we just met up on the road and we were both late. Isn't that right... AYANOKOUJI!!!!"

I got up and shot a look at his side-turned head. This boy is leaving me in peril and enjoying the scenery huh?! I just have to reel him in. He heard my loud voice as he turned around and stared as I asked,"Hey, where did we meet?" He looked at me, then looked at them and said, "Last ni-" my eyes shot a glare as he coughed and repeated, "Last ni-neth street" I smiled as I turned back to the girls and huffed my chest,

"Hmph! I was telling y'all this whole timeeee. Grrr!"

I sat down with a huff as the classes ended in their own pace. The

alarm bell signalled me to say a quick goodbye,"Bai! Have a fun day ya guys! Gotta go shopping TTYL!" I grabbed my bag and rushed to the spot. The wind was flowing through the crevices of my hair as I saw the brown-haired classmate trying to find me. It's quite interesting how oblivious he can be.

I waved at him and then after quite a few moments of closure both physically and mentally we finally stopped walking and he sat on the sand and lay there playing with the sand.

'That's.....adorable...and....unhygienic.'

He soon got up which hurt my eyes a bit as it felt that he was having fun. I seemed to have ruined his moment because, myself being such a boring person. ***'Hayasaka why don't you ever improve?'***

But it seemed he had other plans as he dragged me on the ground with him and made me crane my neck.....and.....

'Wow.....it's.....beautiful'

The sun had hidden behind the starry curtains and the moon's playful gaze. I never realised the night sky can be so charming.

Every moment at that point felt like a daze as I continued my losing battle of stares with the stars above as my left eye shifted towards Ayanokouji who seemed to be playing with the sand on the beach. The talks we had were honestly worth mulling over as I realised,

Was it the Shinomiya Group who have a hand in this?

No, I can't distrust them

It's not possible

There has to be another explanation

"Ayanokouji, can I trust you? I know it's odd but answ-"

My voice quivered slightly with my eyebrows scrunched up a bit in offence to not being able to complete my sentence.

"I can't guarantee but I will try my best to keep the trust if I do receive it." Not even a single drop of hesitation as it was expected of him. A completely monotone voice with a distinct level of confidence making it sound just perfect to my ears. His actions are always just what I need, always....

He was a hero

He was perfect

He was the person I can call my friend....

But

It's

..Too perfect..

....Too genuine.....

Considering now I am at a forked road, either to trust the people who fed me all this while but are clearly very business and logical-minded or someone like him who I barely knew but it seemed that he knew everything about me and was the perfect friend. From my job to my mental state to when I needed help desperately. It had just been a few months and yet...

He knew too much

AND

I knew too little

I gave him a smile which came from deep within as I was truly grateful to him from the bottom of my heart and in a cruel irony *asked for forgiveness in my silence*,

I suspect you Kiyotaka Ayanokouji, even after you did so much for me.

I had closed the doors to my emotions long back and for now, I don't think I can give you the key to that door after I lost it...

I am sorry for that, I am a horrible human being

Aren't I?

For now, I am going to sit right here and observe the fork of this lonely road and hopefully, I will find a way to move forward.

□□□□□□□□□ °• ♕ •° □□□□□□□□□

Author's Note

Dear Readers,

Wasn't that a bit different from the clique? While Kiyo did implant suspicion in her mind regarding the opposition, he was caught in the crossfire. That's the volatility of human emotions.

Let's see what Kiyo thinks next episode~

Have a great day ahead! Do vote and comment on the parts you enjoyed and check out my other books

1. Fakekouji (Updated and will reach 100k reads soon, do give it a go!)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Will update, probs in a week...no gurantee)

Entropy

Reads: 2249 | Votes: 138 | Comments: 50

Mystery is like a french fry. Just when you think you've figured out what's inside, you take a bite and find there's something more to uncover

Hey there! Have you ever seen fries being overcooked? Some like them extra crispy but no one likes them burnt, at least I hope not! Things have gotten extra hot and crispy between my favourite duo....Sorry, Shinomiya and Shirogane but things got a lot more interesting between boats.

Y'all can't judge me for switching ships! ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND SHIPPING.....

Continuing as a narrator has gotten much more interesting in this duo. Hayasaka really seems to be a hard one to understand and that's after I can actually read her mind! F's for you Ayanokouji but it's not like I can even graze the surface of what that boy is. Honestly, everything doesn't make sense, but it keeps me hooked.

They are like french fries with those special seasonings!

Gosh I am hungry, once the POV changes, I will probably make some extra fries, cause things might just get crispy~

Even if I don't get it,

The show must go on!

And,

CURSE YOU PLOT ARMOURR!!!!!

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝♔＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

Stepping into the class today, was different from the usual days. There was a certain red-eyed glare that etched itself on my back. I countered, "Hello there Shinomiya. How were the holidays?" She seemed to be in a trance as she shook her head slightly as cleared her throat, "It was quite normal and it's rare for you to come up and say hi. May I know your business with me?"

The always formal tone with encased elegance never seemed to lose her head yet, whenever she was with the president he could simply crack through her mask as if it was child's play. I suppose that's what love does to someone, I will have to keep that in mind for the future. However watching her seething gaze I replied, "I simply wanted to inform you that I might leave the student council."

A silent and shocked expression didn't just fall over her face, but rather to everyone around me who had heard it. She shot up and grabbed my hand, "Come with me right now." Her silent yet domineering order was to be fulfilled, which was to be expected by a future heiress of her Conglomerate.

She barged through the door with me as the observers around us questioned what was going on. Only one caught my eye and that was no one but Hayasaka who seemed to have just reached school. Our eyes met as I saw her questioning orbs follow mine, which was exactly how I had to play it out. The lingering feeling of uneasiness ended as I came face to face with the President, who was on his regal seat with a notepad on the table with some ideas scribbled around. His head propped up as he smiled watching us barge in, "Hey, you both are early. Shinomiya, please come over here and let's arrange this month's treasury. It's honestly a headache to deal with alone. And Ayanokouji are you free today?"

The Council room door had blonde strands whisk by as it creaked open

I wonder who…

"President, you have to wait before you say anything else. Ayanokouji here has to announce something." Shinomiya's cold hand had left my wrist as her volatile glare directed me to continue. I spoke with my hands now tucked deep in my pockets, "Shirogane, I am quitting the council."

One sentence fractured a bit inside Shirogane's eyes, as I silently started retreating. Each step I took back, their eyes filled with confusion started diluting and clearing up as Shirogane's voice darkened up significantly,"I need the reason, do you understand?" It seems, their light attitudes have flipped as the president and Shinomiya waits expectantly for my answer. If I was completely honest as to why I am doing this, things would be messy. I would have to walk the fine line of truth and deceit, yet again.

"I have completed my work, 3 months in advance and have forwarded you the mail along with it. I don't see any reason to stay around any longer. And given that, I was here only because I was threatened at first, I hope you both can reason as to why I don't want to be a part of this anymore."I spoke up fabricating a truth which was logical for any normal person.

HOLY SMOKES! That's intense

and

HOLY SHIT MY FRIES ARE SMOKING! Not again...

Anyways, the unexpected has happened, to my spicy fries and Ayanokouji's spicy takes.

Ayanokouji suddenly proclaimed that, had everyone appalled and shaken beyond belief. They had been together as a council for over 6 months at this point and this sudden bombshell of news had stripped the ground below our President's feet. After all, the poor man wanted to go with Ayanokouji to the golf course tomorrow, since he had saved enough money to pay for tickets. Now it's all gone down both his plans and Ayanokouji as he saw his friend starting to take steps back.

Shinomiya simply waited with bated breath, she had plans to destroy Ayanokouji if he hurt Shirogane but she was conflicted as she enjoyed his company as a council member. He was always soft-spoken and rational with etiquette down to the T. They shared similar beliefs but in quite a few instances she acknowledged having been completely outdone by Ayanokouji. Step by step he was also entering Hayasaka's lonesome life, giving her a moral dilemma of whether to take action against him if he really did leave. She had her fingers crossed behind her back as her cold stare didn't waver, that screamed a single notion

'Don't dare do it'

Shirogane's cold voice demanding a reason was foreign to us as he had always a calm and sweet attitude. Wow, that's a first. Ayanokouji's expression simply remained cold and silent. The tension was so sharp I felt it would cut through the air like a knife.

Ayanokouji, what are you doing? This isn't like you. You have always been a reasonable person, so what's with this unreasonable demand? Did you forget that I still have enough power to get you expelled? Or has that idea not crossed your mind? It doesn't make sense at all. I felt a small tinge of pain in the deeper crevices of my heart seeing President, so sad and once he spoke, I felt I saw a side

of him that he had shown only once earlier. I shot a look back at Ayanokouji questioning what that boy had done to make such a big imprint of the President's mind. But, given what I know about the president, I suppose it makes sense. He had always found it difficult to make friends given his high untouchable attitude.

Then came Ayanokouji, whom I coerced to join the council and he talked to us, without an ounce of fear and treated us as absolute equals which was refreshing in my eyes. He treated us without a farce which was a treat for me but it wasn't something very significant. However, it was different for Shirogane after all, he was the more sentimental kind.

I loved that about him <3

I didn't know, whether I should thank you Ayanokouji for coming into our lives or curse you for leaving. But I knew one thing, this would catalyse things to something unfortunate, which I didn't want to happen.

I went through the pdfs that were sent by him, as I verified what he said. He indeed had completed everything but a close and careful analysis of previous year patterns and statistics which was honestly admirable.

I took a deep breath as I stood in front of the misty-eyed president, I hated seeing him like this. Why do I have to do this for you Ayanokouji?

I feel conflicted yet, I know this is the right thing to do. And for some reason both my logic and heart tells me, to support....

Ayanokouji.

"President, what he said is true. He has fulfilled his duties and I don't think we have....the...right to stop him. And, Ayanokouji just because you are leaving the council doesn't mean that we can't hang out from time to time."

I had decided,

I would help you Ayanokouji, I don't understand you but I will help you

Like you helped us.

I realised a bit too late, but you are a good friend, Ayanokouji. I watched this boy in his red blazer just shrug as he tilted his head in a small aura of confusion as he said,"Why wouldn't we hang out? We are friends, aren't we?"

His bittersweet words seemed to have done the trick as the president mellowed down hearing those and it formed a small smile on my brazen lips. Sigh, Ayanokouji.....such a pain!

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝♔＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

Things happen for a reason, Irrationality is beyond my understanding. It holds true in this case. I have to eliminate unnecessary variables and continue maintaining an amicable relationship with the most powerful students in the school. This was the most optimal way of satisfying both Shinomiya's work ethic and Shirogane's friendship towards me. They had no other option but to accept. I suppose they would have wanted me to stay nonetheless but they couldn't ask any more as it would hurt their status in this school.

It's interesting how power can give lots and yet, it takes lots more in order to be maintained. Now, I would simply cut myself off from their group. Since I had attached myself to Hayasaka, the reason I had joined the council has ended. Once the job is done, I don't need them anymore. While Shinomiya says that we would still meet up,

it's highly unlikely given the status and lack of time. It was a pretty little lie, that everyone had covered their ears with.

Deception is like a web, trapping and ensnaring those who believe its false promises.They hope and trust, waiting for it to be rewarded, yet like a honeytrap, it never comes and leaves the person maimed and wounded. I suppose, Shinomiya realised the significance of losing my standing in the council while Shirogane was trapped in his emotions. But the fact remained, they were simply my means to an end. The end was a contact with Hayasaka and getting her close enough to not lose her, once Shinomiya has lost her interest in me.

If I stayed any longer, prickly things like Shinomiya's incessant houndings and shenanigans that divert me will start to pile up. This was logical and completely fair, there was no other efficient way. There wasn't anything other than logic. Right? I felt a slight pause before I cross-questioned myself

But,

I was right, this is logical for me.

After yesterday, their use is over.

End of story.

I silently walked away from the council room as I saw two tickets for a golf stadium nearby being crushed in the hand of Shirogane as he bored his eyes into mine. It seems, he wasn't under the illusion that nothing will change. As expected of the Student Council president, facing the reality and not the idealism that Shinomiya had plastered.

I had shot two birds with one stone.

A ping of a message and the gambit has been placed.

□□□ °• ♕ •° □□□

Ayanokouji had been running marathons inside my head, so watching him getting dragged by my boss was indeed a surprise. Our eyes had met as his golden irises synchronised with mine as I had a tinge of anger towards Shinomiya but it reduced to shrivels as I crept to the door and pressed my head to the cold wooden door half open as the whole scene developed in front of me. Hearing his words...

I was here only because I was threatened at first, I hope you both can reason as to why I don't want to be a part of this anymore.

I felt hurt as I watched Shinomiya's face have a slight drop while Shirogane looked crestfallen. I bit my lip as I couldn't figure out how this happened so suddenly. Maybe they did something? Ayanokouji was always known as a monster of logic so if I think carefully, I guess this makes sense.

But it doesn't add up if I think a few layers deeper.

THINK AI THINK!!!

Anger?

Annoyance?

Irritation?

No, these aren't Ayanokouji at all. What else though?

More importantly, why now? Let's rewind, maybe it's because of the things that happened when I and Ayanokouji were on the beach where he had planted seeds of distrust in my mind. So, did me being wounded by Shinomiya cause that to happen? No, of course not.

Who in their right mind would...

I don't think we have....the...right to stop him.

Hearing Shinomiya's voice I felt that her voice had broken in two and why wouldn't it? It was the first time, she had seen Shirogane that angry and moreover, she is standing against him. While she may be the most cold-hearted person I knew, her heart was chipped by Shirogane into a soft and vulnerable thing. Why did she defend him and not Shirogane? Maybe it's her plan to get rid of him? No, that isn't right. Maybe it's to save Shirogane from Ayanokouji?

She did say once when we were carrying out our plans to gather information,

Ayanokouji is an enigma and the unseen is the most fearsome.

What had he ever done, to begin with? Wasn't she overreacting when she said that? He was normal but even I felt yesterday, that something doesn't fit.

Maybe it's just my experience....that makes me doubt him...

I saw my phone light up as I checked the ping....

Seeing that, huh...I was right...

Who in their right mind would...?

I have the answer,

My friend has lost his mind.

I turned off my phone and walked out of sight as I escaped being

caught

= =

Ayanokouji:

Do you want to hang out today? I got fired from the council, apparently, I shouldn't put too much sugar in Shirogane's tea.

Me:

Baka ...ヽ（≧□≦）ノ

Pallete, meet you at 4.

= =

I hummed as I walked back to my class

"Oh, gentle friend, why dost thou roam this drear?

Along this path so lonely, void of cheer?

Why seek to bear my weight of solitude?

When by my side, thou couldst find fortitude?

How nice, this orphan has a friend

Mom"

A troubled smile changed into one of masked enthusiasm as the doors to the class opened.

I feel, the tides wavering

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Did my writing become rustic? I haven't written much in a while

A deviation from the manga....

What was I thinking? Hmmm, sadism I suppose.

Also did anyone get any of the hints I dropped? It would be interesting to see..

Hope you enjoyed this as it was an opportunity to show the value of Kiyo in their lives as of this moment.

Do vote and comment!

And read my other books :

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouji (Updated)

Will be a while before I update again, thanks for sticking by.

Say all the best for my exams!

Have a good day

Bye

A smile behind the cynical💘

Reads: 2119 | Votes: 134 | Comments: 91

= = = = = = = = = ♔ = = = = = = = = =

Silence is often a virtue yet at moments, it's a vicious curse. especially when the girl whom you have bought on a meetup where you are expected to be the man and start up the conversation instead of making things incredibly awkward for both parties, I was truly an utter social reject. Hayasaka was sitting in front of me in her school uniform with the coat fastened to her hip as she looked at me with her crystal blue eyes in curiosity and slight annoyance as she took the lead with a joking tone in her honey-laced voice.

"Why are you silent!? HELLOOO???Y'know it's really rude that you bought me here and all and now you go all quiet on me,hmph." A flick of fingers on my forehead and a pout had put me in a tight spot.

"Weren't you the one who decided that it would be a great idea to drink coffee at 4 pm in the afternoon?" I broke my silence as the slightly glistening fingers of Hayasaka tapped the caramel machiato she ordered.

"W-Well come on,I didn't think that much. Give me a break will ya! I am only free now, at night when Shinomiya returns home from council , it's another hell night at work! So try to be more

considerate mister Overanalysing-Kouji." She smirked as she gave grounded logic in her ditzy voice and then adding on a very bad nickname to increase the efficacy of the blow.

"What's up with you and nicknames?" I asked while sipping on my black coffee as it's bitterness neutralised the sweet fakeness Hayasaka had projected at me. She tapped my hand as she said, "Hmm, maybe just another layer of my persona. But Ayanokouji, do say, does it remind you of your past instances~ come on...spill the tea. I promised to stay sush about it~"

Her grin widened as she tried to suck out information but unfortunately it was a bad day for her. I simply shrugged as I said, "Nothing such, I simply thought it was somewhat cute."

"C-Cute...hmm, yah I guess boys do like such things. Ugh hey, do you mind if I drop the act, the cafe has lesser people now." Her voice went from a sweet frilly tone to a dense unbothered one in a second, she would give Kushida a run for her money. I nodded to her question as she slouched ever so slightly from her feminine posture and remove the clip from her hair letting down her golden locks.

"Do you use a lot of hair products or is that all natural?" I was curious as the Whiteroom generally never had anything other than shampoo or conditioner around. I had often seen females of my class having a set of their so-called hair care routine with about 4-5 products compared to boys who usually used all-in-one products.

"Oh hmm, I suppose it's simply conditioner and such but unfortunately I might get grey hair soon considering I am at the beckoning of a lovestruck dense rock." She commented as she twirled the ends of her golden locks with a slight curve of her lips. Even the real Hayasaka seems to like the fact that I had asked her that.

Growl

That set off a small blush dusting her face causing her to sip on her drink turning her head sideways, probably embarrassed. This was expected as just a drink wasn't either healthy nor nutritious enough to last her the whole night until she had dinner, however I didn't expect Hayasaka's original self to be this expressive. Was she faking even this? That's improbable as I think she realises I can see through her disguise quite well but if it's her real self what's her personality really like? I suppose for now I can classify it as someone who just doesn't find many things worth changing her expression for but situations which are either unexpected or hold special regard for her, do tend to entice an adorable reaction.

"Do you mind if we order something a bit more filling? *I am really hungry*" I asked as I decided to diffuse the awkwardness that was brewing between us just like the expresso shot brewed by the barista next to us serving another table. She nodded slightly as she faced me trying to act normal despite the socially embarrassing situation of a normal thing called being hungry.

Social norms have always been a convulated study by all regards.

I turned around slightly to find the next table to have two recognised faces that I hadn't expected to bump into. It was well, none other than....

A grin spread across the boy's face as a slight crease formed on the blue haired girl's face.

"Kukuku! Isn't that a pleasant surprise!I didn't know monsters these days enjoyed sipping on coffee like ordinary fools!" His laugh wouldn't leave my memory as this nostalgia hit me like a current. I got up from my seat and so did they as from the corner of my eye, I saw Hayasaka being extremely curious about this ongoing confrontation, which I wish she hadn't been a part of, but it can't be helped.

"Hello, Ryueen and Ibuki. It's been a while, pleasure meeting you here." I put forward my hand for a customary handshake but was enveloped in a hug by the boy I had punched fear into. He whispered in my ear,*"Nice prey you have there. She is quite hot ain't she?"*

His futile attempts at getting a reaction out of me hadn't stopped it seems, while Ibuki also gave me a sidehug as she gave a small smile asking, "Soo, Shuichin Academy huh. Not bad."

It seems her social ineptitude to start a conversation hadn't really improved either,but at least she didn't try to chokeslam me on the tiled floor below. It would be hard to explain that as two friends

meeting up. Even, I was curious where did these two go to after ANHS had shut down, they didn't have any uniform on them unlike I did, so I asked, "So which high school for you both?"

"It's Index Academy, in which unluckily I was forced to join this asshole in after ANHS closed." She gritted her teeth slightly as she looked at the man in question with a slight glare, who simply smirked, "Don't be sad Mio, we both know how much you wanted my .....heart! KUKUKUKU, hey bastard what if we transferred to Shuichin? Won't that be fun? Me and you could have a blossoming friendship like the Yaoi mangas that Mio reads."

Yaoi what was that?

"Another word Kakeru and I will bury you 6 feet under where even Albert can't get you out of. Got that? Did you forget I still have that..." Hearing her threaten him with a reddening face, his smile lessened slightly as he clicked his tongue while I interrupted their lovers quarrel,"When did this happen.....?"

"What....Oh, I don't know monster, you say...you are playboy here, isn't that right miss Goldilocks?"His smile returned as he teased Hayasaka acting like she isn't hearing our conversation as she typed absolute gibberish on her phone. She stopped typing on the phone as she said,"Ayanokouji I am starving, come on let's go to some restaurant and eat something please!!!!" as she adorned puppy eyes and huffed.

"Hmm, yah just give me a moment. I think that was a good talk we had Ryueen, hope you and Ibuki have a good date ahead." I tried to escape the conversation but Ryueen sat down in front of Hayasaka leaving Ibuki gasping and me sighing waiting for a troublesome

incident to unfold. Should I show him a traumatic past incident again? No, that would be extreme in a public spot.

"Hai hey!Chill man, just want to get to know monster's future tool kukuku." He leaked something that he shouldn't have as it was more than necessary I stepped in,"Ryueen, **that's enough**."

"Hah, finally a reaction! Fine Fine I won't do anything. That was way too much effort, " He raised his hands in mock defeat as he got up from the chair not before asking one last question,"Hey Goldilocks, what's your name?"

"Well...Ayanokouji....should I tell him" She turned to me waiting for my response as she must have realised we weren't casual friends, but rather something more complicated. I didn't see any harm as it would make him get out of his nose so I nodded as she said, "Ai Hayasaka, I don't really know y'all but dude you are annoying him...**so stop**."Her frilly tone had a dagger's edge at the end as Ryueen took a minute step back.

"Kukuku, you have a fiesty one Ayanokouji.....take care." He murmured the last part as a small smile creased on his face. Ibuki went up close to him and started dragging him away with his hand as he simply laughed off while Ibuki's insults towards him

increased, "Bastard, disrespectful, freak, dumbass..... Have a good day, sorry for the disturbance, my boyfriend is a mess.....Now come on Kakeru, you are such a pain."

"Well I am your pain Mio, deal with it." He pinched her hip as he gave a middle finger to me and a grin with the door shutting over him. Ryueen was always a handful to deal with but at least someone shares his craziness with him. I sighed deeply as a pat was introduced to my back with a tired smile,"Wasn't that too much social interaction for you? Do you need a lap pillow~"

"You don't have to act, they are gone...and yes....a lap pillow is enticing." I admitted brazenly as she first was relieved and when she heard my acceptation of her proposal she smacked my hand as she said, "A....J....O.....K....E, Now let's go eat I know a place nearby that sells good Katsudon."

"....oh.....Ok" I was disappointed as my eyebrows formed an arc which Hayasaka noticed as she said, "Don't get ahead of yourself, we only had one date."

This was a date? I didn't realise that, but I suppose this small misunderstanding is something I want to keep.

"Hmm, is there ice cream?" I asked tilting my head slightly while she stared at me for while before saying,"Uh-Uh....maybe....let's find out."

She is acting strange.

= =

What's wrong with you AI? Why did you say to Ayanokouji it's a date? Why did I have a slip of tongue at the worst moment imaginable? I was truly deplorable at times.

Curse you Shoujo manga!

It was really hot too, and it was simply getting very bothersome every moment passed, the restaurant was just 5 minutes away but I felt like I would get a heatstroke. I huffed slightly as Ayanokouji

took notice and took off his red cap and put it on my head without warning,

"You need to prepare better for the weather, risk of skin cancer increases exponentially when exposed to UV rays of the sun hence things such as tanning is a very dangerous hobby and not thinking ahead about the weather is a very dumb thing to do." His monotone voice insulted my lack of care but his actions were full of care, it felt odd to be the one receiving this...

"Ok I will be careful next time. But wont you get a tan Mr Chatgpt?" My voice was one of nonchalance as I felt slightly worried if he would misinterpret it.

"I wore sunscreen before I came here...I am fine." He lied through his teeth as a person wearing sunscreen wouldn't have a clear line of colour contrast between their clothed area and bare skin.Sigh, it's Ayanokouji I am talking about, the mysterious liar of a friend that I have who strangely lies to help others instead of himself, just like he left the student Council for me.

Usually, people lie in self-interest, yet I don't get his interest or his purpose for doing things, it's just that every single action he takes seems to be only as something catered to help his friends out. I was extremely curious about his friends and how he interacted with them and why they called him a monster and such and I was getting annoyed that he wasn't saying anything or mentioning them in the slightest so I decided to nudge it slightly, maybe he just forgot.

"Your friends were an interesting bunch, they were from ANHS I imagine?"

"Yes, they were my competitors and schoolmates."

"Competitors as in there were academic challenges and such? The interesting system if that was the case."

"Mhm, he was a decent competitor in layman's terms."

"Oh really now, I wonder what he was in your terms."

"I am an average man, so he was quite above my level."

"Hmm doesn't fit the bill when he called you monster and when you glared at him.And by the sheer personality he and his girl, it's really hard to imagine them talking decently to someone they think is inferior. He called me Goldilocks until he realised that he stepped too far, and when I showed a bit more of my true self he took a single step back after which he asked my name....strange isn't it...it seems he respects willpower and strength, quite a bit. " I went off on a theory I cooked up as we walked with the red cap over my head and Ayanokouji nodding along but at the end of my theory he said one thing,

"Maybe, everyone has secrets and sides unknown. Isn't that right

Hayasaka, you do and I do. Considering we are in a challenge to hunt each other's secrets, don't expect me to reveal much information." His voice became slightly robotic as he said that, showing a flag that I had moved too far into this. It would be unwise to move further.

"Hmm, sorry Ayanokouji, sometimes it's hard to keep curiosity in check,it's a rabid dog." I joked slightly as I remembered a quote similar to this once in an old textbook. Ayanokouji looked at me and spoke something no lady would want to hear

"So you admit to being a bitch?"

"........Only if you admit to being a social reject and a cynical freak with zero knowledge of how to treat women." I smiled through my annoyance as this boy in front of me called me a bitch. How dare this man! I was actually somewhat angry at him,"Hmph!"

"Sorry sorry, my bad. I heard from some of your classmates calling themself 'I am a bad bitch!' at times, so I thought.....nevermind,it was nonsensical." His head dropped slightly as I poked his shoulder,

"If you are sorry, you will buy me the best flavours of ice cream according to you and yes....I am a a so-called...*pfft*.....bad bitch" I felt like mocking him more but I decided to stop as I felt a slight

relief being a bit more of myself around this golden-eyed boy.

After a while, we reached and finally ordered some good food where Ayanokouji's plate consisted of a small pizza while I opted for something...less....junk.Mine was a chicken salad which is more delicious than it sounds. Though something made me curious, "How do you stay fit when you eat things like that?" He looked at me after a while as he was too busy watching the cheese being pulled apart as he murmured

"Hmm, the cheese peels off a pizza so beautifully because it has a high-fat content that makes it flow and stretch when melted. However, cheese can also slide off a pizza if it is too dry or if the sauce is too wet.I wonder if I should soak the pizza in the water to test the flavour and theory." He proceeded to almost dip it in water as I shot up and grabbed his hand causing him to look at me,

"**Don't dare act on your intrusive thoughts Kiyotaka Ayanokouji**."

And what I saw was indeed interesting...he stuttered, "Y-Yes, sorry for that, let's eat."

The rest of the time in the restaurant was spent just talking and eating while stopping his intrusive thoughts from time to time, how can a man this mature be so childish at the same time? Such an ironical scenario!...though it's endearing....

Cute

After eating he finally dropped me off at 6 pm just in time for my work shift to begin as he waved at me with some parting words, "It was fun, let's do it again."

"With your bland unsmiling face, I really can't tell. Fake a smile, just once, is it really that hard?" I made a sudden request as I wanted a smile, I really did.Wether it was fake or real was secondary . I wanted reassurance that yes, I made him happy.I walked up close to him having his hot breath right up to me as I glared into his sunken eyes. He spoke calmly in this tense situation,

"**I forgot how**"

What I heard next, was enough to cause my heart to sink.It wasn't that he didn't know how...it was that he forgot....which means, nothing in his life till now made him smile...again.

What happened to you Ayanokouji?

"But, I promise Hayasaka. I will change that and for today, It was fun even if I can't express it, it was an event I will remember."He assured me as he gently touched my head, which felt quite good but odd...

"Hey, do this too, when you actually mean it. Instead of your logical response to make someone feel better. And Hmm, I would appreciate if I was your first reason to smile though, **Kiyotaka**" I smiled as I took the next step, hoping he would follow along.

"Thank you I hope so too, **Ai**" His eyebrows relaxed as it felt quite calming seeing his visage one last time as I turned around and entered the mansion.

Hmm, is it wrong for me to pull him closer to get more information? It probably is but it was his mistake, to make me curious about why he thinks The Shinomiya family is a threat to me. Even if there is 1% chance he is trying something nefarious, I will have to stop it before I can trust him fully. I have a long way to go don't I? Hah....but I won't be abandoned again, mom.

Though I truly hope, I can be your reason to smile and you can be mine.

Author's Note:

I hope it was a sweet beginning and a bitter end! Hope I did Ryueen's cameo a justice. What do you think?

Do vote if you enjoyed and check out my other series:

1. Fakekouji (Updated)

2. Shinzou wo Sasageyo Ayanokouj (Updated)

3. Fakekouji Reaction (New book)

Bye have a good day.

Cruel Reasoning

Reads: 2339 | Votes: 119 | Comments: 50

Often in life, we find ourselves adrift, unsure of our direction or purpose. This sense of uncertainty is especially prevalent in teenagers, as they navigate the complexities of growing up. Hayasaka, a teenager herself, was no stranger to this feeling. Her conflicting thoughts and circumstances left her feeling overwhelmed and lost.

Did I as the narrator have the right answer? Of course.....not. How would I? There isn't a correct answer. Ultimately, the choices Hayasaka made were her own, as she weighed the options of trusting the boy with golden eyes or pursuing her golden future with the affluent Shinomiya Household. Her monetary value was much higher than anyone of her peers and she was clearly in the top 10% in Japan in Income per annum. Whether she had to choose money or logic was the question.

Hayasaka's sullen mood was apparent. She had a beautiful day today and now she would have to start working again. While it in itself wasn't exhausting, she would prefer to lay on her bed and doze off into the night. But that wouldn't happen. Shinomiya had yet another urgency! This time it was not a conversation with the President, rather it was his sister on the call, Kei Shirogane. Was it strange for your crush's sister to call up this late at night?

Was 9 pm late at night? Nah, these are bratty teens we are talking about. They can stay up till 4 am easy.

"Yes, Kaguya?" Hayasaka answered, her voice tinged with both weariness and curiosity.

"Haaayyyaasaakkka!!! HELPPPPP Pleaseee! Psst...It's his sister" It seems Kaguya had a fever, which was apparent after the latest stunt she pulled trying to checkmate President Shirogane into offering to go with her to golfing that was originally planned to be with Ayanokouji but sadly all her efforts were washed away as she saw the sexy face of her dear President smirking with confidence as he shouted,

'AYANOKOUJI! I WILL DO ANYTHING TO BRING YOU BACK TO THE COUNCIL! THESE SPECIAL TICKETS THE PROOF OF MY RESOLVE!'

She later spent the day mournfully walking home after forgetting her chauffeur and letting the rain wet her face hiding her tears of frustration. I can't help but feel bad!...soo...sooo...bad.

"Talk slowly and legibly Kaguya. Why are you such a mess? It's just his sister."

"B-but, if I can't make a good impression on her, she might hate me! And I have seen that sisters care very very dearly for their brothers." Shinomiya's wails grew louder as the call was still on hold.

"Ahha, where did you get this knowledge again?"

"Oh Hayasaka, there is this infamous and almost taboo thing called anime. I haven't heard many in our school talk about it but I accidentally had a peek at it when one of the juniors was watching it and delving into such idiocracies and I had confiscated the device while it was playing this oh such a close bond between the sister and brother, it was almost...too intimate! So yes, from this source, making sure the sister likes me is of utmost importance!" Shinomiya gave a thump of confidence to her statement.

Like an utterly disappointed parent on seeing their child go down the path of defiance, Hayasaka couldn't help my facepalm, causing a bruise to form on her forehead. She sighed in frustration and muttered, *'I will have to burn her possessions...hmm...is gasoline cheap these days?'*

The rest of the day spent by such frivolous tasks she finally had a moment to rest and laid down on her bed.

Hayasaka's POV

Curses, I wonder if I was cursed? Maybe my stunning beauty came with a price? A curse that makes me a teenage wish fulfilment. A helpful guide to teenage life! Yes, that's an explanation why as a maid, one whose work should be limited to chores around the

house, spent 3 hours trying to calm down Shinomiya's anxiety-filled thoughts.

I need a raise, not just a raise but a promotion. Perhaps I should talk to Madame' for that. On second thought, let's bury that under the drafts, if Kaguya Shinomiya is a monster, Madame' Shinomiya is a devil incarnate.

A ping brought me out of my misery, it seems Ayanokouji's message had shaken me.Did he text first? Well, it wasn't uncommon, just strange. Usually he has a purpose to question me about something but this time it was a simple equitte filling one. Strange man indeed.

Man? He is a 16-year-old kid! What's going on Hayasaka? Have I lost all rationale? How deplorable!

Ayanokouji--

Reached home, take care, good night

I sighed at this blandness, but it was comforting, like a soft bouncing cushion which gave me a sense of belonging. I could get used to this, maybe it's deceitful, but I can calm my mind for a while and accept this friendship with a small smile.

Me--

You too! Take care dummy!~Today was hella funnnnn!＜3

Immediately read! The typing sign kept going and going then....it stopped?

1 minute passed....he is thinking I suppose

2 minutes passed...maybe he got busy?

3 minutes passed...is he ignoring me?

4 minutes passed.....WHY?

5 minutes passed

Me--

May I know what's wrong?It isn't polite to ignore a lady.

He saw this message immediately as well, he should respond, otherwise, consequences would be dire.

Ayanokouji--

Much better, I apologise for being quiet, have a good night Ai.

What? Why didn't he explain himself? I was about to send a text of my displeasure to him but It dawned on me, he didn't text back because I was being my gyaru side? Yah that's why he said much better, I suppose that makes sense. Wow, his way of pointing out things is so obscure. Sigh what will I do with this man?!

...Man..I give up on my mind.

Me--

Goodnight Kiyotaka, take care.

A silent breeze passed my open window as the clock struck 12 and with a smile and few taps the contact changed to....

Kiyotaka--

Bye

Who would have thought, this man, such a calm and innocent person, would be the one having a gun pointed at me head without a shred of emotion in the distant future....ready to pull the trigger on my life and having me lament the day I had met him.

Ayanokouji's POV

Abruptness is a fatal thing. An abrupt accident, an abrupt action and an abrupt thought often lead to fatal consequences. A boy had abruptly run into the street and had almost been run over. A single abrupt mistake would cost him his life at this moment.

I didn't see the fear one faces once their life flashes before them, which made sense, he was just 4.

"THANK YOU!Thank you thank you thankkk y-y-y...my baby I am sorry i am so sorry. My child ...my child...ma is here...ma is here...I am so sorry...i am- " A woman with hazel brown hair rushed towards me and now was crying nonsense while cuddling the child after taking him away from me.Her eyes never left her child, and her words were filled with a mix of relief, fear, and joy. I could see the love radiating from her as she held her child, her embrace providing a sense of security and comfort for the little one.

"Boy, are you okay? Are you bleeding anywhere?" I shook my head signifying everything was well. I wouldn't have risked that, if I knew my life would be threatened, the car would have slowed down significantly given the model-driven was a newer one with better brakes. Saving the boy wasn't something down out of kindness, it was simply done after careful consideration.

But why did I even do it? Maybe that's just another part of me. But what if, it wasn't safe, what if I didn't calculate the events? Would I still save the boy? No, I would be the spectator of a brutal accident.

"You are a brave lad! But if you do need medical assistance, I am a doctor in the nearby hospital." This gentleman was smiling with kindness but I was too busy staring at the mother caressing her child's hair.

As I observed the scene before me, I couldn't help but feel a sense of detachment. A young child, barely four years old, had just narrowly avoided a terrible accident. The child's mother stood, her body shaking with emotion, tears streaming down her face as she clutched her child tightly in her arms.

For me, someone who had never experienced the warmth and love of a mother, this display of emotion was foreign and somewhat puzzling. However, as I continued to observe the scene, I began to understand the depth of the mother's love for her child, but it seemed such love was paramount and far beyond my grasp for the moment.

As the paramedics arrived on the scene, the mother's grip on her

child only seemed to tighten. It was clear that she was grateful beyond words that her child had been spared from harm, and her relief was palpable.

For me, someone who has always struggled to understand emotions, witnessing this mother's love for her child was a new experience. It was a reminder that, no matter how logical or rational we may try to be, there are some things in life that can only be felt and understood through the heart as I was completely unfazed yet extremely curious about the vivid emotions shown by the mother towards her child from mindless kisses to the grasped hem of his cloth. The love of a mother for her child is one of those things, and it is a bond that is both foreign to my understanding and felt unbreakable, even to a novice such as myself.

After the paramedics kept a check on the child and took the boy away for a while,I was enveloped in a hug by the mother as she profusely shed tears of grateful happiness. I didn't know what to do in this situation? Should I provide comfort? If so, how should I do it?

I didn't know what to say, I was lost but I suppose instinct took over," I can acknowledge the logical significance of your actions and the protection instincts you possess as a caretaker.I hope the child is kept safe for his upcoming future, I apologise, but I am getting late for school."

Saying so I took off but not before noticing a maiden with blonde hair watching from a distance having her school bag dropping on the floor. I thought inwardly, was this the outcome of my plan? If

she wasn't here, there wouldn't be any benefit of saving this boy.....I am a scummy person, and today had shown exactly why?

The accident simply was about to happen and in those 6 seconds of waiting, to take action, I had planned it all as if my mind had it's reigns to always use a situation. It was all reflexive, ingrained to my very core,

Today those instincts saved a life another day, it might even end one.

I felt a sense of defeat, unknown as to why, but I did as I felt my maker smile at his victory.

I sighed as I walked quickly hastening my steps, watching my scheme take motion. Reaching the class, I had odd eyes on me, making me stick out like a sore thumb. I didn't particularly have any feelings towards those glances but coming from so many eyes, definitely was less than ideal.

I didn't have the particular level of energy to deal with such things when I had predicted everything that could or would happen in this situation. All my movements were directed to ideal relaxation as I walked slowly yet meaningfully to my desk and sat down having my arm resting my chin.

I noticed that there was some dust on my pants which did stick out. In the few seconds that I had sent my gaze downwards, a smiling Shinomiya had greeted me. She looked proud. It seemed as such.

"Yes? May I help you Vice President?"

"Hmm that you may, Ayanokouji. *You may* go along with me to the principal"

"I don't think that's necessary and I shall refuse this bothersome request."

"I hope you realise that you are no longer a part of the student council and hold absolutely zero power in your lazy hands to even have the gall to say no...So please don't cause a ruckus. It's getting highly disrespectful."

"So I have no choice or say in this matter"

"Exactly so, you catch on so quickly.Quite impressive"

"What's impressive is your smile, it stays on even when you say the harshest and cruellest of comments. Almost as if you can send someone off to the bellows with a smile and watch them get executed."

"If I wasn't so delighted by the present situation,I would have made

sure you regretted having a tongue and lips."

"Don't worry Vice President. I regret plenty already."

The arguments went back and forth as we walked to the principal's office. Her prowess in insulting people was quite versatile, a worthy opponent indeed. Not using any vile words and maintaining decorum while slithering and coiling around the opponent's vulnerabilities like the robotic face I have with personal attacks as I will never have a girlfriend because I am a coward and can't confess if I was in my right state, I would say she is hypocritical.

We entered the principal's office, which was simply another rusty old office with nothing quite eye-catching, except the principal himself. The man with his flowing white beard sported dyed golden hair locks which looked, interesting enough to have eyes track him for a while. I didn't have much care about a person's fashion but breaking the stereotypes definitely catch my eyes.

"Please have a seat, Ayanokouji. And thank you Shinomiya for bringing your classmate here."

"It's my pleasure, sir, I shall take my leave." A smiling Shinomiya walked back closing the door behind us.

"Sir, may I know the purpose of my calling."

"Such formal tone, are you perhaps from a faction like the Shinomiya's? Honestly, your admission form didn't have much to lead me to the right answer."

"Nothing as such, I simply have this as my normal tone."

"Ah, fair enough. So, as a student of my school, I have something that will pique your interest."

"What could that be?"

"Not a single sense of excitement huh, you definitely are...a unique character. But regardless, I wish to proudly announce that your sense of bravery has been streamed across social media and as the principal I wish to proudly give you an award soon this year! I am sure you are elated!"

It seems my deed indeed had reached quite a few ears. If I had to guess this thing was shot by one of the crowd watchers of the incident. But what's odd was about the excessive treatment, I had just done what was necessary hence creating such a fuss was out of the ordinary.

"I suppose, but can you detail the award-giving part."

"Most definitely, the award will be given in a gathering with neighbouring schools during the final few weeks of the school, during **The School Festival**."

The principal while was being honest,I could sense a hint of malice, a certain greed that was less but present nonetheless.

"I see, so sir, is this me being used for a PR stunt?"

"Quite a wild imagination you have there young man but unfortunately, I have no interest in answering it but now that you have caught my attention, I would love to hear your hypothesis. Maybe if it's right, I might just go along with your musings."

I decided to be frank with my thoughts,

"Having an extravagant event during the school festival, just for one student and that too comparing it with the presence of other schools was indeed a sign of competition. Recently the elite schools were under hot water for being too nepotistic or having a stringent level of scholarship policies making it difficult for normal students to even dream of such education.

Now to back it up, while many students often had scored the top grades and represented Japan in many sports, it was all normal. But using this small situation and blowing it out of proportion, the principal and his higher-ups came to the swift decision to use me and show just how morally upright this school made it's individuals, streaking the school past every single doubt, at least momentarily. This school was using a good act as a business decision, how very *normal*."

The principal had his eyes engraved into mine as a small smile creased up his wrinkled face. Upon sitting down he did a few mock claps and said, "Quite fascinating, students like you exist as well. Fair enough, you were already one who was in my radar from your strange entry to the school in mid of the semester but now, you have my complete interest. But, I can only say, your theory....was fascinating, and well....mostly right."

He didn't care about admitting it, after all, he knew very well I was helpless, as he was the principal of Japan's best school and I was an ordinary student. The difference in power was jaw-dropping but I didn't need anything from this. I would have to accept the award, and it's fine by me.

"Thank you, can I take my leave?"

"Most definitely, but do keep in mind, you might be hounded a bit. Enjoy a peaceful student life...fufu...fuf.." His laugh ended offf on a strange note as I left the room.

This was troublesome but a consequence, that didn't harm me, so it was passable.When the school festival does occur, it shall be one of interest. I suppose that's something to look forward to.

BTS

Reads: 1601 | Votes: 82 | Comments: 45

Narrator's POV

How often, did a person seem so elated? As if they have found a roughened gem shining in the sand? I know I would sell it in a flea market and earn enough to have barbeque and drinks with my friends. Laughter would echo through the air, forging everlasting memories amidst the camaraderie of cherished companions.

*Of course, only apple juice! Remember people alcohol, doesn't let the **liver** live!*

"Hayasaka-chan, is something wrong? You seem like kinda lost." Hinoguchi asked. It seems Hayasaka's constant glances at Ayanokouji's bored silhouette caught the other's eyes.

"Nah nothing much, slept way too late last night. Gotta catch up on that." Hayasaka stopped such concerns at once however anyone could see, her eyes fleeted towards a boy, a strangely quiet boy. A fascinating specimen.

Hayasaka's POV

I was noticed. Quite absurd that I wasn't focused today. I don't like it.

I suppose, if I had to rewind back,I suppose it all began at 7:49am. In that split second, time seemed to slow down, as the scene unfolded before me. The car didn't stop, and the child couldn't either. My body froze, incapable of swift action. How could I have possibly reached the boy from such a distance? It was an impossible feat for someone like me.

But then, there was Ayanokouji. I've never witnessed anyone move with such astonishing speed. My eyes don't deceive me. What I saw was something only the top echelons of physical prowess could achieve. It made me question my own perception. If my eyes could be trusted, then it means Kaguya would have met a fatal end thrice over.

Must I always find myself tangled in unravelling yet another mystery? Can't I simply tell my mind to take a break, to let go of the relentless pursuit of the truth? Just stop it, I wish I could say. Because, in the end, it doesn't matter what the truth is. It simply doesn't.

I contemplated it as I felt my mask crack a bit. It was wrong, this was a classroom. I had to maintain the Hayasaka-chan charm. Don't be *Ai Hayasaka.*

"Ara~Is someone worried about me?"I tickled Hinoguchi as I said it as she tried to control her laughter.

"Mhmm, Hayasaka-chan nouu...stop please..hehe...he..ahh" Hinoguchi tried to stifle it but was unsuccessful.

"Hayasaka and Hinoguchi, I beseech you to gracefully withdraw from this hallowed sanctum of knowledge and enlightenment should you find yourselves unable to uphold the esteemed standards of decorum that are expected within these distinguished walls." The English teacher's words went over most of the students heads. I had to act so as well. Sir was extremely well read with quite a big lexicon of English under his belt.

Teaching the complexity of English to Japanese kids wasn't necessary, but I wasn't going to argue about it.

There was only Ayanokouji who seems to be able to grasp the English words being shot at us.While I could hide that, he couldn't. His calm silence gave it away.

When did I start reading into him like this?

"Ah, Ayanokouji, it is you whom I address. Witnessing your forlorn sighs weighs heavily upon the chambers of my scholastic heart, inducing a sense of profound misery. Should you harbour intentions

to divert your attention akin to these two individuals and fixate upon the ground beyond these very windows, I implore you to articulate the grounds for such behaviour...in the eloquent medium of proper English." A small gleam was seen on the man's face. He was giving Ayanokouji a choice, he had done so for many students earlier.

Giving them a chance, prove that you are capable enough to skip that lecture and you are free to do whatever your heart desires.

I wonder, what he would attempt? Perhaps give a just enough answer and slide through not raising any eyebrows but might cause future hassles with the teacher. Or might he show off that maybe he is an English prodigy who was a Harvard graduate in his past life? He would impress the teacher enough, to keep letting him be in his own isolated world but would raise questions in everyone's minds.

"Sir I apologise for not paying attention, I simply sighed as a force of habit. I will control my actions henceforth"

A simple apology, I suppose that works well enough but it wasn't anything that had a particular flair to it, even Kaguya seemed to be dissapointed by it. The sir seemed to be alright with this apology, though it seems he wasn't done talking.

"However if I am allowed to say something, shall I?"

"Oh my, please do I am curious about your train of thought."

"True intellect is not solely measured by the complexity of language but rather by the depth of understanding and the ability to engage in thoughtful discourse. Therefore, if possible could we focus on the

substance of our conversation rather than the mere form, fostering a meaningful exchange of ideas that transcends the confines of linguistic ornamentation? I simply don't feel the connection between us as students and teachers when English is being complicated beyond proportion where it loses it's practicality in the modern world. I humbly apologise, if I was impolite."

The teacher was silent, and so was everyone else. This was the first time, someone had spoken up against this. The reasoning was simple. The teacher had an immense passion for the language hence whenever he taught, it was out of love for it. It wasn't ill-intentioned hence no one bothered to ask the realistic aspect of it. We as students respected that language but did everyone have such a degree of passion for it? Not at all, most learnt it properly to go foreign for career opportunities.

A balance had to be kept, one unnoticed and unbothered by most. And whoever did notice, didn't speak up about it as it was simple for them. Shirogane, according to Kaguya did once talk about the English teacher being extremely eloquent but it seems even he didn't consider the thoughts of other students like Ayanokouji did.

"I...understand what you mean. Your words have value enough to be contemplated. Sit down Ayanokouji and let's continue class, shall we boys and girls?" The sir had a smile on his moustache face, probably at realising one lesson of being a teacher.

Ayanokouji, truly...what are you? One moment you stand out, the other

you don't. You show off your logicality, yet show emotional actions to situations....why?

Ayanokouji's POV

It felt strange to be stared at again, but I was used to it after quitting the council. However, Hayasaka's eyes remained fixated on me. She must have me on her mind after witnessing the recent incident. Although most students are aware of what happened, very few have bothered me about it.

Given my whole personality of a hollow walnut, it seems everyone realised it would be better to not force me with questions right after the situation happened. This school was definitely different. Students in ANHS generally always were hunting down information about their fellow classmates and other classes, having a tense atmosphere with almost everything being done for a hidden motive intended to harm them later on. This was a given since ANHS fostered such an environment and gave immense focus on challenges and competition.

Considering here was no such incentive to do so, students generally were much more open but it definitely felt a bit lacklustre at times. The daily shenanigans of the Student Council didn't reflect on the school in general. Of course, clubs were definitely a thing but given that I had joined midterm, I don't think I would be able to fit in any of them even if I wanted to.

Fretting over it wouldn't help me so I simply had to bear with the ever-going struggles of student life.

One gyaru walked over to me, who was none other than Hayasaka who spoke with her classic picturesque smile, "Good morning sleepy-head. Mind if we chat?"

"Hmm, good morning. I don't see why not." I let out a slight hum as she pulled a neighbour's chair for a moment and sat down with her legs crossed accentuating her thighs quite well. My eyes went over to them for a split second admiring the eighth wonder of the world, so to speak.

"Kiyotaka, my eyes are up here y'know" Hayasaka smirked as she caught my little train of thoughts as I looked into her almond-shaped eyes.Her use of my first name was something I had to get used to.

"My apologies,Ai" I say out of self-reflection but she simply smiles at me with crooked eyebrows.

A faint shade of red appeared on her cheeks as she coughed slightly.

"Well then, back to the topic." She took a quick scan of the almost empty classroom and changed her entire mood in a flip as she continued, "Shirogane and Lady Kaguya have made some plans to go on a movie date. However, they need to show it as a friend-gathering of sorts. Lady Kaguya has asked us to accompany her, the tickets have already been booked and here's yours."

She handed me over a small piece of paper with the show timings printed on it. She had a bland expression as if she didn't understand the implications. I did however, this was a stroke of luck which

could turn into an opportunity.

"Alright, so it's a date then."I nod, mimicking the same blandness which Hayasaka possessed.

"Oh...hmm...I....." Hayasaka seemed to have taken a pause as she contemplated her words as she averted her eyes, "I suppose it is Kiyotaka."

This cemented it, she definitely wanted to date me.

I was one step closer to my goal.

My eyes closed as yesterday's encounter replayed in my memory....

Flashback~

"I know I am being stubborn, but everyone wants you back. Please reconsider your resignation and return to the council," Shirogane called me to the council room during the break, explaining his reasoning.

"I already explained my reasons earlier, Shirogane," I replied in a slightly insubordinate tone, showing my disagreement with my previous head.

Despite my decision, I had other plans in mind and wanted to accomplish something while I was there.

"Okay, but at least have a cup of Shinomiya's tea before you leave," Shirogane handed me a freshly brewed tea cup.

"Thank you," I sat down with my tea cup on the sofa, and we started chatting about trivial things. Both of them still cared for me to a certain degree, which was evident in their eyes.

So, I had no reason to not make the first move.

"I heard there's a new movie coming to theatres this weekend."

"Oh, really? What is it about?" Shirogane asked curiously.

"I don't remember the exact name, but it's directed by Christoffe Noland. Many people in the class were talking about it," I took a sip

of my tea.

"That sounds interesting. He's a great storyteller and a fabulous director," Shinomiya added her input.

"I was thinking of also watching the movie, but it would be pointless to go alone," I spoke in a lower tone to show my disappointment.

"Yes, watching a movie alone is difficult and awkward," Shirogane nodded in approval, but I could see the gears in Shinomiya's head turning. I had planted the bait, and she had taken it quickly.

I got up from my seat, took my leave, and waited patiently for the butterfly effect to play out.

Narrator's POV

Oh, what's this? Looks like Kaguya Shinomiya, the queen of schemes, has whipped up a "wholesome" movie night after poor Ayanokouji showed his loneliness and opened up to them. Yeah, right. As if she's all about that Netflix and chill. Nope, she's actually plotting to cozy up to our dear, clueless President Shirogane. And guess what? It's a double date. Talk about multitasking! Kaguya's not just watching a movie; she's directing her own romance flick.

And who does she drag into her web of cinematic espionage? None other than her trusty sidekick, Hayasaka. Poor Hayasaka, you'd think she'd need a break from all this undercover dating drama. But twist! Turns out, in her mind, she's actually hyped about the whole thing. Who knew?Of course I knew...duh, she is a maiden in love after all the gross cheezy moments she spent with our dear Ayanokouji.

Seriously, every single one of these folks could win an Oscar for "Best Actor in a Leading Role of Deception." It's like they all took a class in being two-faced. And here I am, the narrator, feeling totally pranked!

Amidst this crew of cunning planners and secret-keepers, there's Ayanokouji, sweet and as clueless as a puppy wandering into a cat convention. Bless him. He's just wanted some company, folks. Maybe the rest of them should take a page out of his book-sometimes, it's okay to just want to watch the movie!